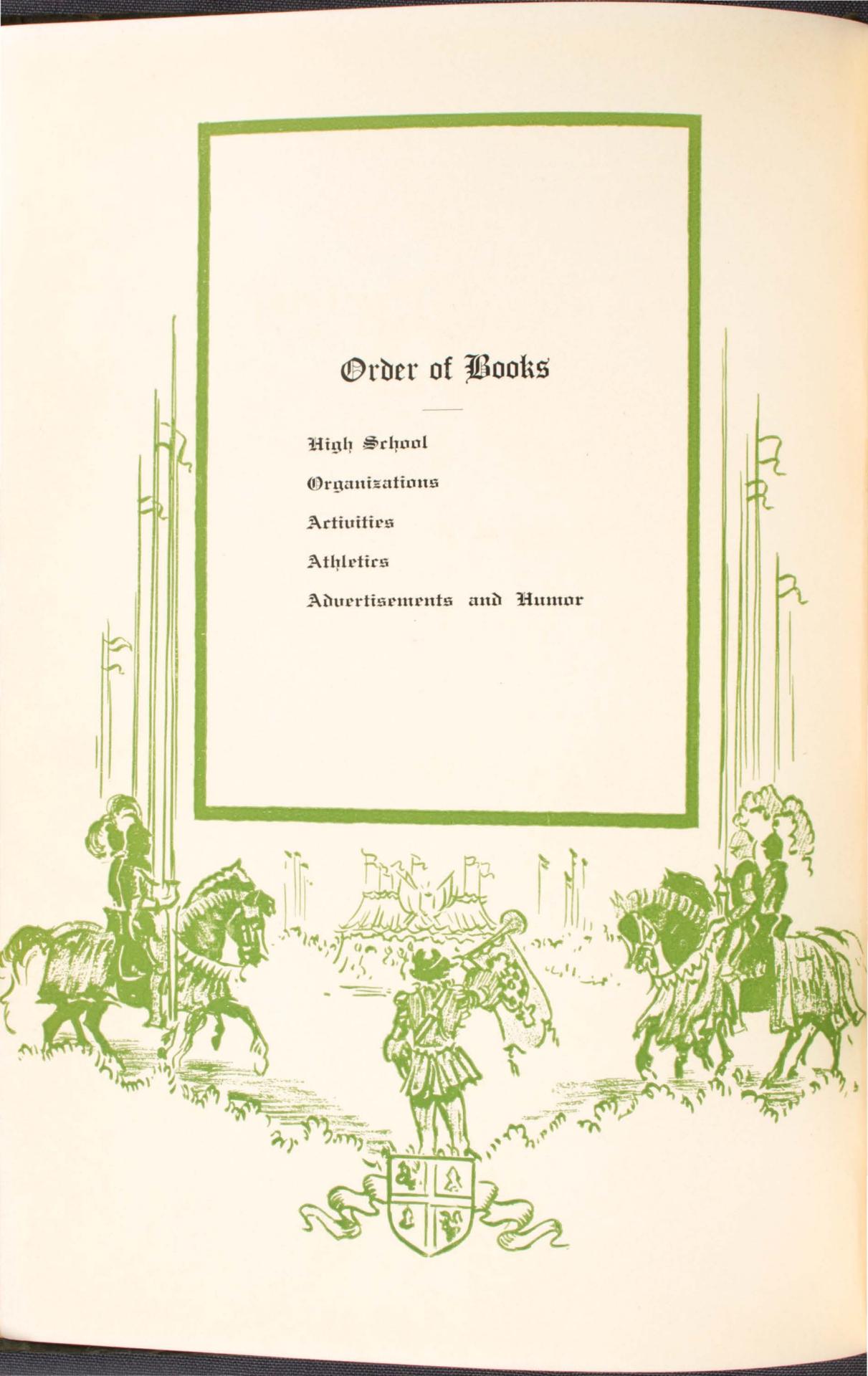


Dear manyfern, Well old pal how are you? Goofy as usual? Zvein had lated fund this year haven't frakting we! Especial the Phalian bangs the my dag ? for Leavens Bake Baller Goldnithiges Thina. I Ren my Make may your at the Junior EX-LIBRIS Treman had to walk hame games, shows, the gablin and finally this summer at the lake. DR. H. H. Club in united along mith eats-more fun. Well an nevair, pleasant dream and what not. all my love. Inuale. Inunetta tey P.S. my brother, don't florget him as a little thape your can readily Dear maryfern. Remarker all four good limes and don't forget the garty at Edythe's resters. Ha! Ill see you gobs this summer? kupe fot af love parne Parnet.





Volume Three

R

Class of 1931

D

University High School

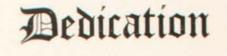




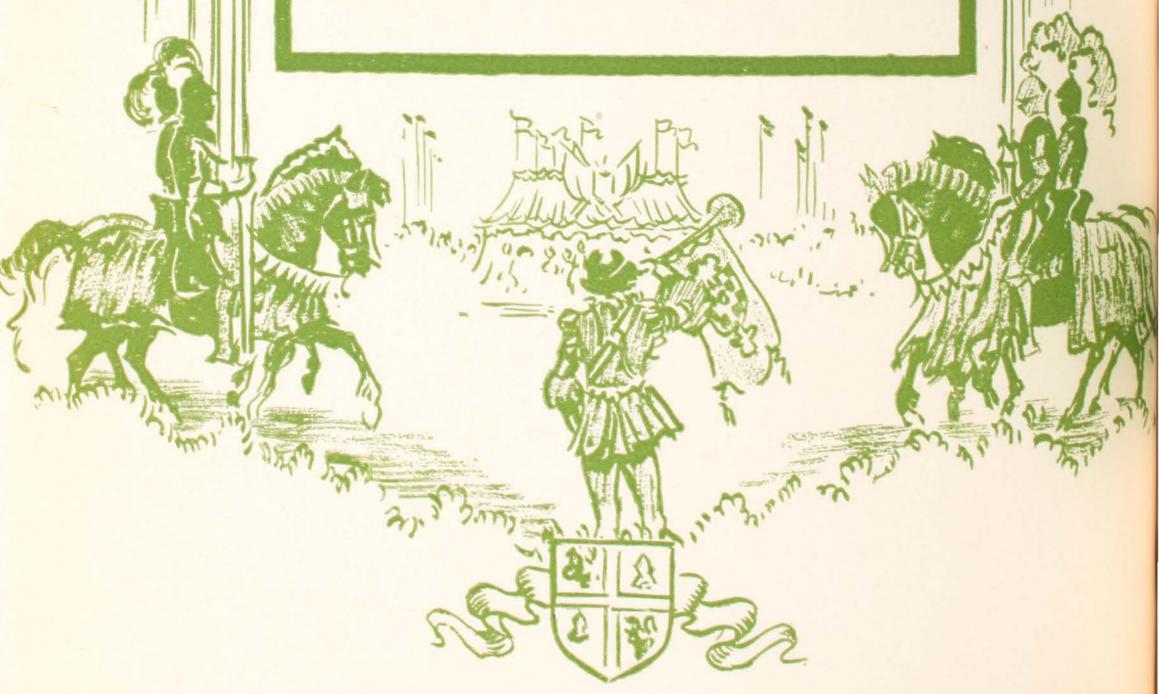
Romance, adventure, acquisition. All three are symbolic of Mediaeval times. All three bring back pleasant memories of the happy hours spent together in high school. With the solemn hope that the following pages will recall these memories to you, the students of University High School, we, the Class of 1931, present this third volume of the Clarion.

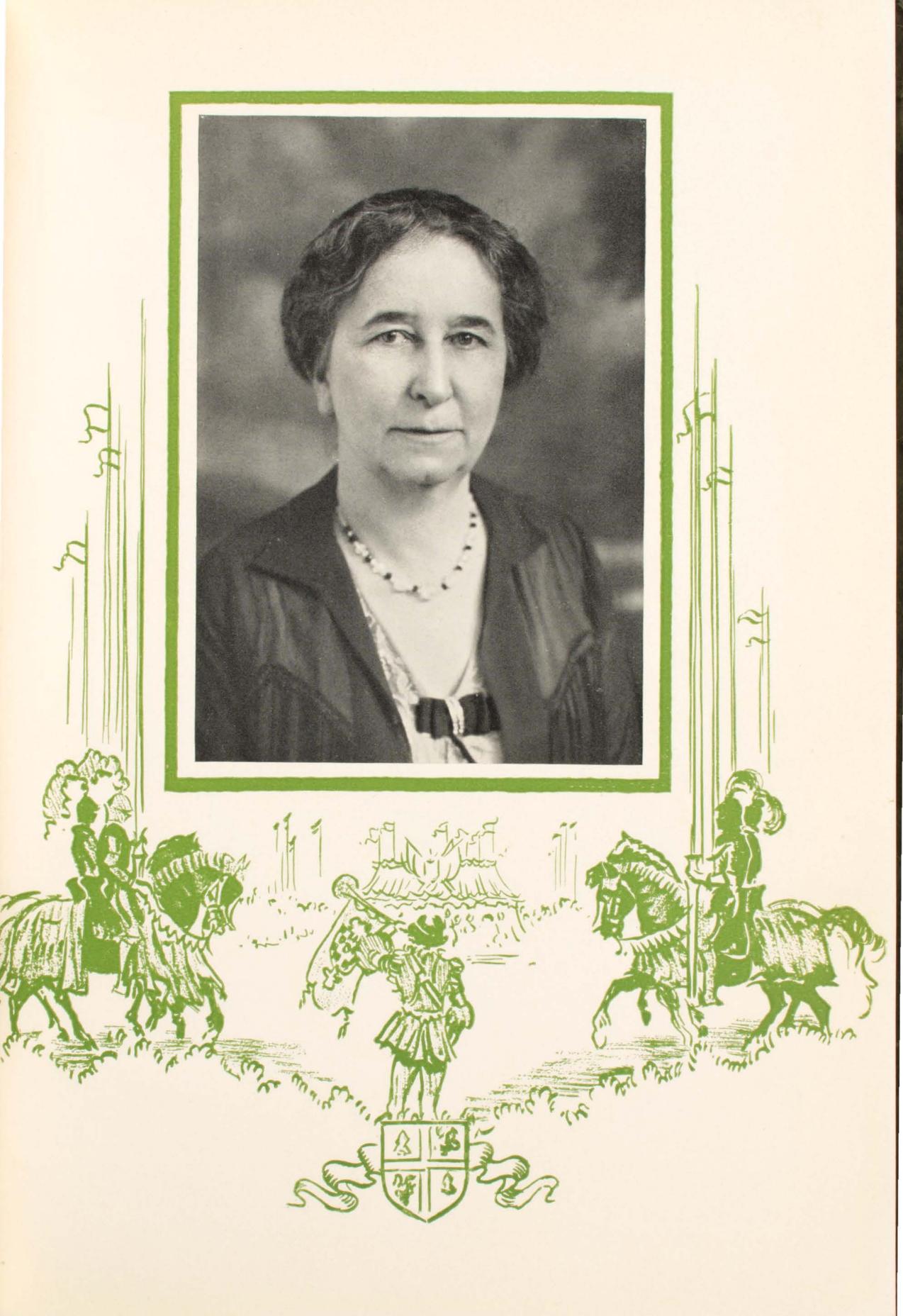


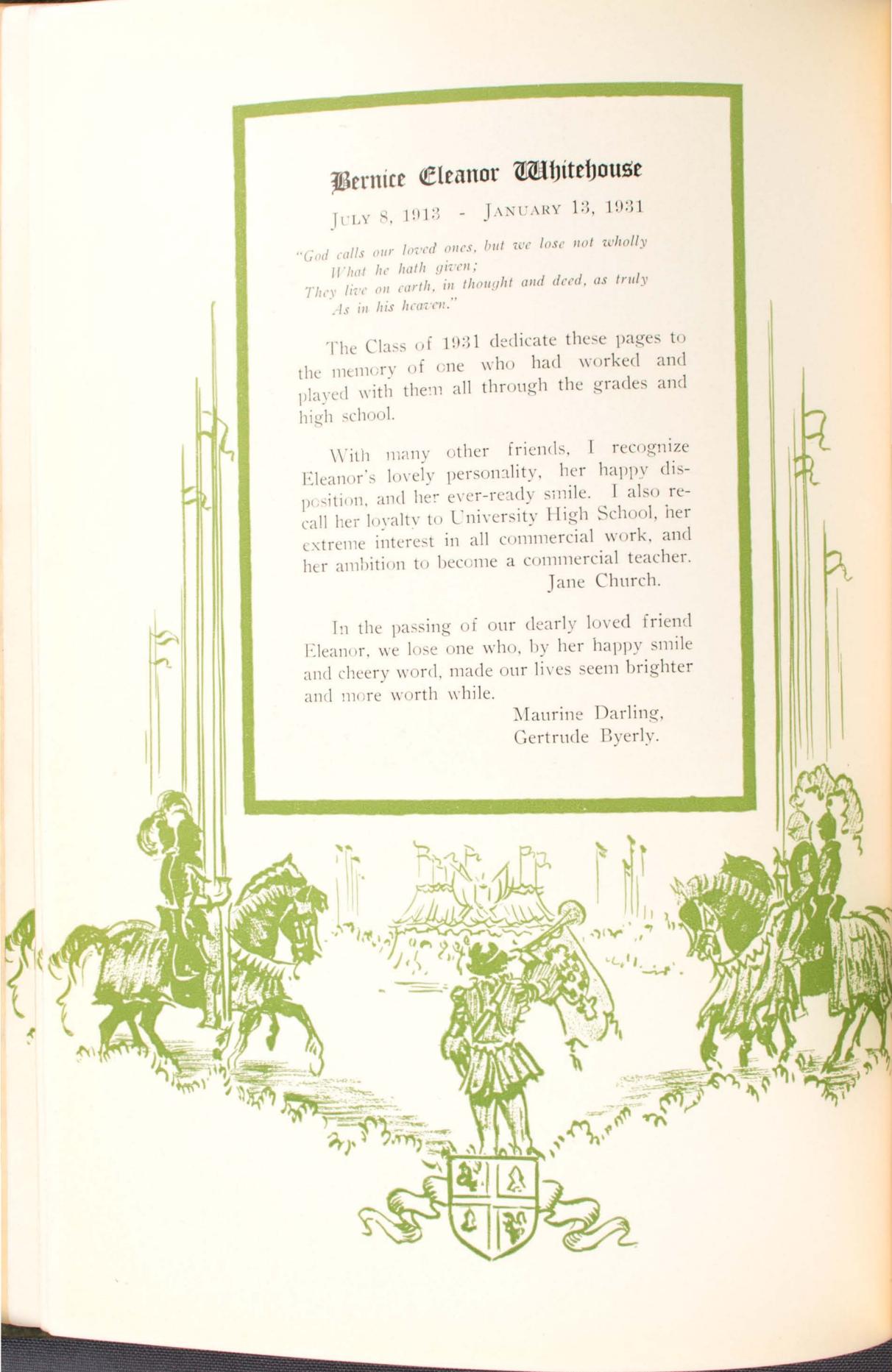
William McKnight\_\_\_\_\_Editor-in-Chief Clarence Burner\_\_\_\_Business Manager Marjorie Simmons\_\_\_\_\_Art Editor Clifford Scott\_\_\_\_\_Assistant Manager Julia Blum\_\_\_\_\_Associate Editor Herbert Adams\_\_\_\_\_Associate Editor Alice McGuire\_\_\_\_Junior Editor Truman Sage\_\_\_\_Junior Manager Edmund Parret\_\_\_\_\_Junior Artist Mary Louise Barger\_\_\_\_Sophomore Editor Nancy Pollock\_\_\_\_\_Freshman Editor John White-----Athletic Editor Clifford Scott\_\_\_\_\_Humor Editor George Brown\_\_\_\_\_Snap Shots Miss Gertrude Stephens\_\_\_Business Adviser Miss Alma Hamilton\_\_\_\_Editorial Adviser Maurine Darling \_\_\_\_\_Typist Mabel Childers\_\_\_\_\_Typist

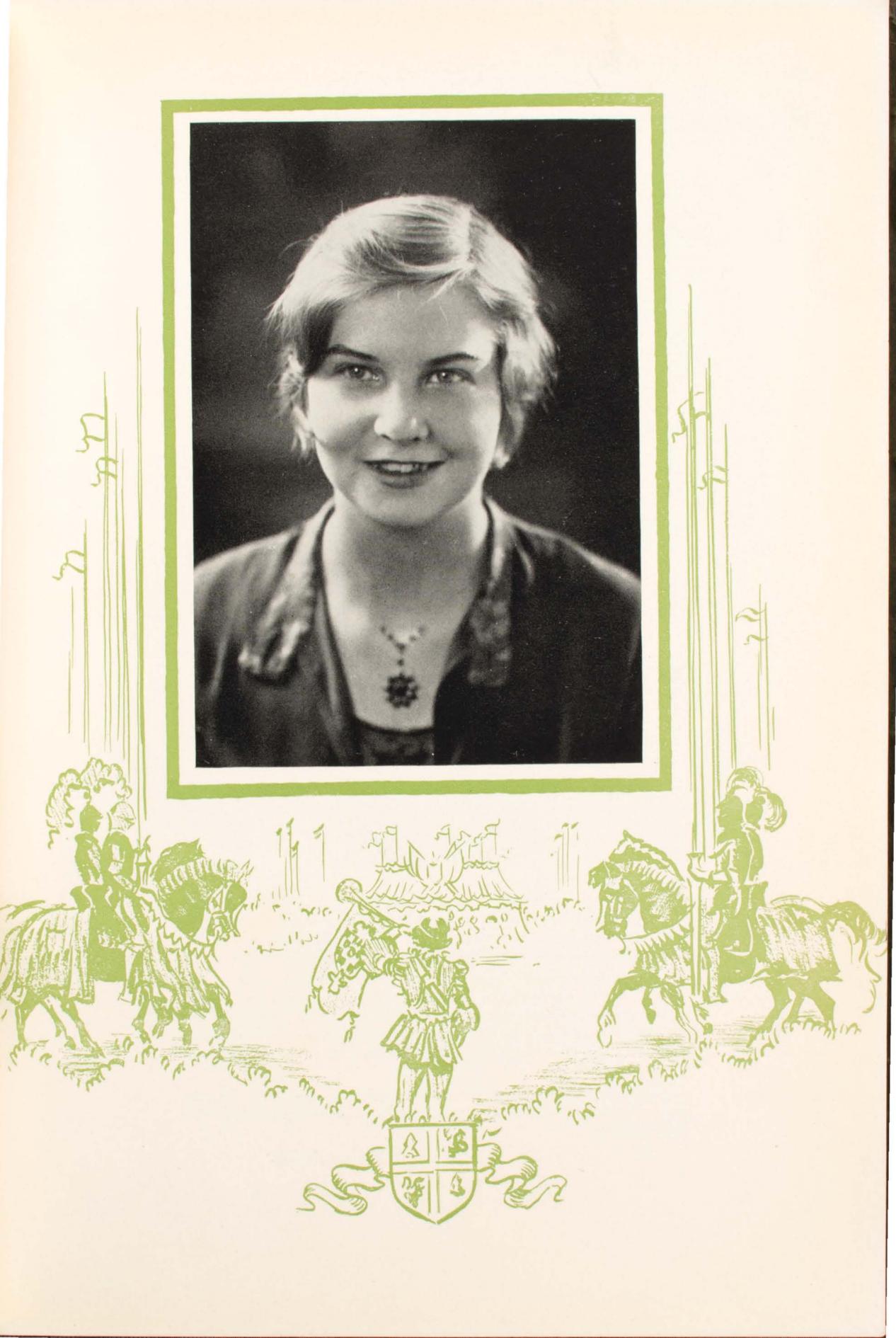


In appreciation of the helpful guidance and sincere efforts that she has given us these past four years in piloting our ship through the seas of success, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirtyone, dedicate this volume of the Clarion to Miss Ethel Gertrude Stephens, our friend and sponsor.









# 19=31

# The Eleanor Whitehouse Cup

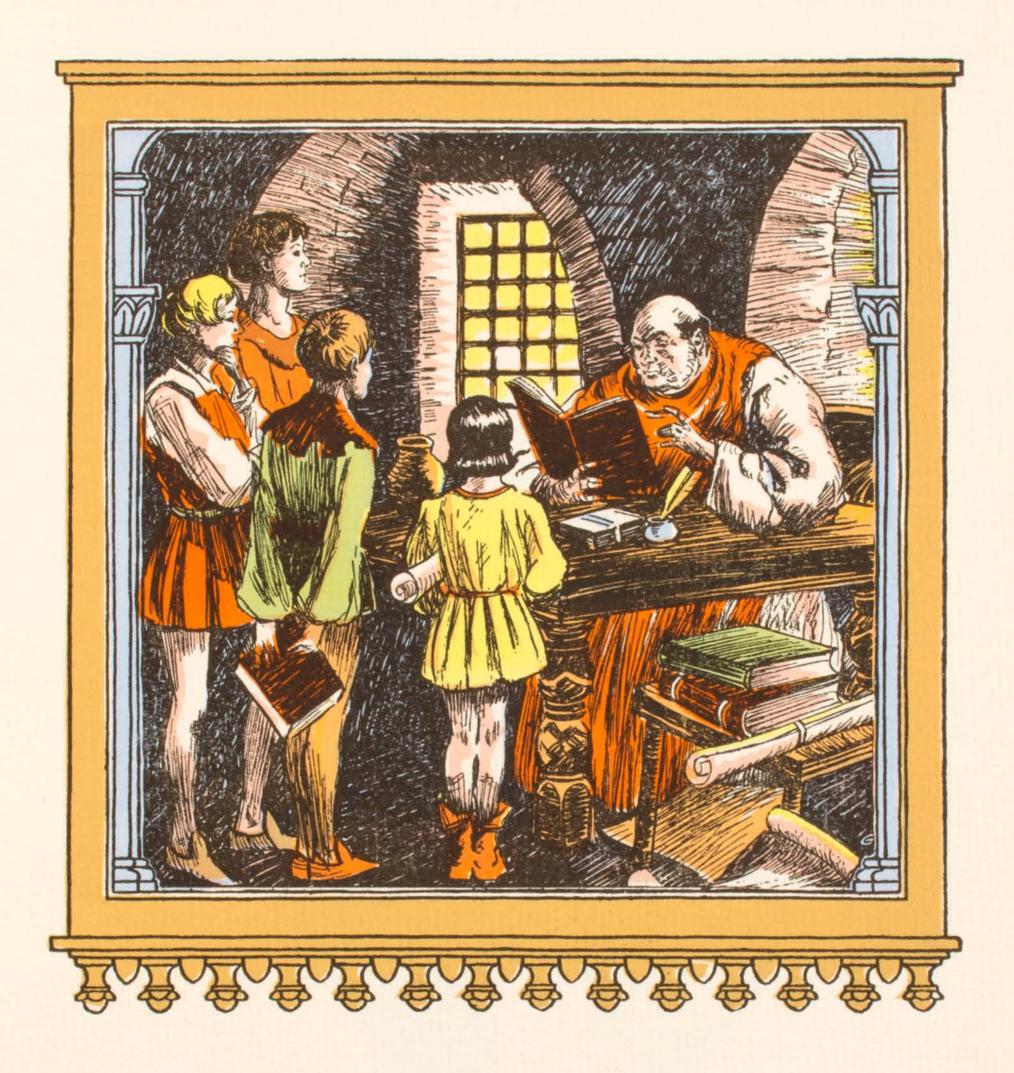


After the passing of our dear friend and comrade, Eleanor White-house, the remaining members of her family wished to leave a token in University High School in memory of her. The memorial decided upon was a large silver loving cup to be known as the Eleanor Whitehouse cup.

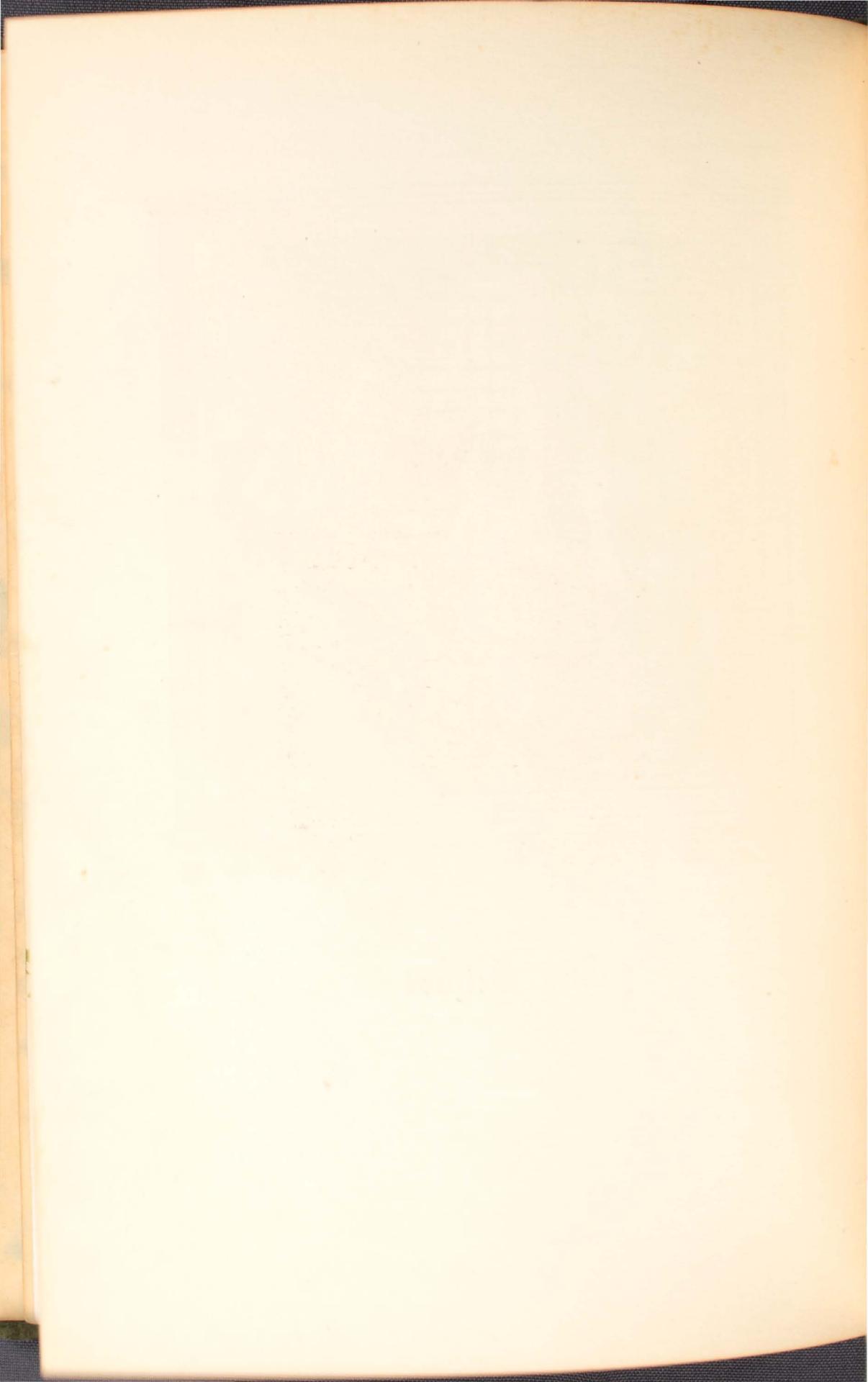
It is to be awarded annually to the senior commercial student who ranks highest in scholarship in commerce, character, sportmanship, contest work in commerce, leadership, and participation in school activities. In case two students should tie in the listed qualities, general scholarship shall decide the award. The name of the recipient is to be engraved on the cup each time an award is made.

Certainly no more worthy memorial could be established for one who was so deeply interested in commercial work that she had already decided upon it as her vocation.

The winner of the award this year is Maurine Darling.



The School



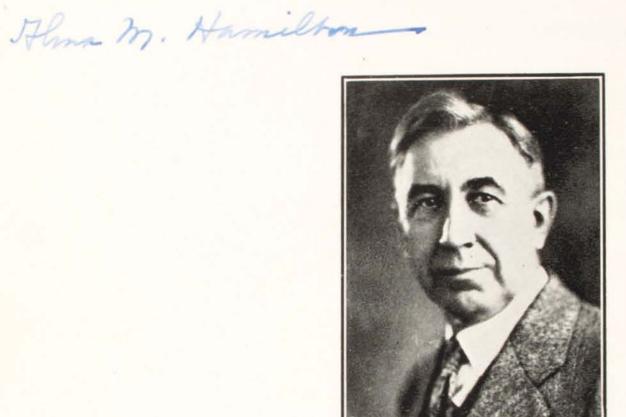




Alma Hamilton Training Teacher



Thomas M. Barger Training Teacher



Ralph Waldo Pringle

Principal

The Principal



Ethel Gertrude Stephens Training Teacher



Jane Church Training Teacher





Catherine E. Carver Training Teacher



Blanche McAvoy

Training Teacher

Blanche M Wory.



T. J. Douglass
Coach in Athletics



Mary D. Webb Training Teacher



Ruth Stroud
Training Teacher

# Faculty Autographs

Halfery Ellis

Hum H. Hamilton

You did fine work at the banquet

and we expect to hear from you in

debating next year. Thos. Hos Barger.



Seniors

# 19 **(** ) **(** ) **(** ) **(** ) **(** ) **(** ) **(** )



#### BARDENHAGEN, HELEN ELEANOR

"She wolde (na) wepe, if that she sawe a mouse."

Home Economics Curriculum Girl Reserves

### SPAFFORD, ARTHUR

"In alle this world ne was there noon him like."

Foreign Language Curriculum Orchestra, '28, '29; Odeon, '29; Treasurer, spring term, 29; Rostrum, '30, '31

#### DARLING, MAURINE

"Rekne as wel hir goodnesse as beautee."
Foreign Language Curriculum

Vice-president of Class, '27, '28; Thalian: Treasurer, fall term, '30; Secretary, spring term, '31; Girl Reserves, '27, '28; Orchestra, '27, '28, '29; Girls Glee Club, '29-'30; District Commercial Contest, '30, '31; Clarion Staff, '31; Honor Roll

### RADER, RALPH

"Eek therto he was right a mery man."

Manual Training Curriculum

Football, '29, 30: Captain, '30; Baseball
Manager, '30

CHURCH, MAURINE

"Hir smyling was full simple and coy." Transferred from Toulon High School

# 9===U

### ORENDORFF, VIRGINIA

"Yowthe, with-oute grenehede or folly."

Commercial Curriculum

Orchesis, '28-'29; Secretary of Class, '30-'31;
Commercial Contest, '30, '31

#### ADAMS, HERBERT

"Hardy he was, and wys to undertake."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Football: '30, '31; Basketball: '29-'30, '30
-'31; Baseball: '29, '30, '31; Track: '29, '30, '31; "It Never Rains", '31; Rostrum: Secretary, fall and spring terms, '30-'31; Clarion Staff, '31; Class Speaker

## BAIRD, EDNA MAE

"And therefore I knowe of love's peyne."

Commercial Curriculum

Litsa Laurean; Unadilla: Reporter, winter term, '30-'31; G. A. A.

## HANKS, WELDON

"Nought of word spak he more than was nede."

Commercial Curriculum Orchestra

#### SOUTHGATE, LILITH

"And Frensh she spake ful faire and fet-isly."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Thalian: Vice-president, fall term, '30;
Treasurer, spring term, '31; G. A. A.; State
Debate Team, '28-'29, '29-'30, '30-'31; County
Contest, Oration; Thalian-Rostrum debate,
spring terms, '30, '31







#### DISHER, HELEN JAYNE

"To alle hir werkes vertu is hir gyde."
Foreign Language Curriculum
Odeon, '30-'31; "It Never Rains"

### McKNIGHT, WILLIAM

"His resons he spak ful solemnely."
Foreign Language Curriculum
Editor-in-Chief of Clarion, '31; Class treasurer, '28-'29; Rostrum: President, fall term, 30; Vice-president, spring term, '31; Odeon; Boys Glee Club; Basketball, '29-'30, '30-'31, Mg. '28-'29; Baseball, '30; "Stop Thief"; "Charm School"; "In Old Louisiana"; "Purple Towers, Mixed Chorus; Athletic Board, '28,'73, State debate

#### PARRET, JEANNE

"She was a mirour of alle curteisye."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Litsa Laurean, '29, '30; Odeon, '31; Vicepresident, spring term, '31; G. A. A.; Girls
Glee Club; "In Old Louisiana"; "It Never
Rains"; Orchesis, '29, '30

## WHITE, JOHN

"Ful many a mayde, they mourne for him."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Football, '29, '30; Basketball, '29-'30; '30'31; Baseball, '30, '31; Captain, '31; Rostrum: Vice-president, winter term, '29-'30;
Vice-president, fall term, '30; President,
spring term, '31; Athletic Board, '30, '31;
Vidette staff, '30, '31; Clarion Staff, '31

# REECE, MARY ELLEN

"She is so ful of joye and of solas."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Thalian: President, spring term, '31; Secretary, winter term, '31; Treasurer, '30; Orchestra: President, '27-'28; Student Council; Girls Glee Club, '31; Treasurer of Class, '27-'28; Clarion Staff, '28-'29; Honor Roll

# SIMMONS, MARJORIE

"Therefore she sand so meriely and loude."
Foreign Language Curriculum

Class president, '27-'28, '28-'29, '29-'30; Odeon: treasurer, winter term, '30-'31; "In Old Louisiana"; County Contest, voice; Mixed Chorus; "It Never Rains"; Clarion Staff, '31; Honor Roll

#### BURNER, CLARENCE

"No-where so bisy a man as he ther was, And yet he semed bisier than he was." Foreign Language Curriculum

Odeon: Treasurer, winter term, '29; Rostrum, '31; Orchestra, '28, '29, '30; Sec.-Treas., '29; Mixed Chorus, '29; Vidette Editor, '30, '31; State Debate Team, '31; Secretary of Class, '30; "In Old Louisiana"; "Purple Towers"; "Charm School"; "It Never Rains"; Art Editor Clarion, '29, '30; Clarion Business Manager, '31; Boys Glee Club; Latin Club; Honor Roll; Class Speaker

## BYERLY, GERTRUDE

"For she was oon, the faireste under sonne".

Foreign Language Curriculum

Thalian: Vice-president, '31; Vice-president of Class, '31; District Commercial Contest, '30, '31; "It Never Rains", '31; Girls Glee Club, '30, '31; Girl Reserves, '28; Honor Roll

#### CAWOOD, EUGENE

"A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler." Foreign Language Curriculum

Class president, '31; Class treasurer, '30; Rostrum; Football, '30; Tennis, '30, '31; Captain, '31; Orchestra, '28, '29, '30, '31; "It Never Rains"; "Purple Towers"; Boys Glee Club, '28, '29; Thalian-Rostrum debate, fall term, '29; spring term, '30; "Charm School"; Vidette staff, '29-'30

#### PEARD, MILDRED

"In hir is heigh beautee, with-oute pryde."

Commercial Curriculum

Girl Reserves, '27, '28; Orchesis, '28, '29; "Charm School"; "It Never Rains"; Odeon '30-'31: Secretary, spring term, '31; Reporter, '30-'31







#### TURNER, BARBARA

"Wel coulde she rede a lessons or a storie."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Thalian: President, fall term, '30: Treasurer, fall term, '29: Wine-president, winter term, '30-'31: Girls Glee Chub: Secretary, '28-'29: President, '29-'30: Orchestra: State debate, '29, '30, '31: Apportionment Board, '30: Class vice-president, '29-'30: 'Charm School': 'It Never Rains': 'Purple Towers': 'In Old Louisnane': Orchesis, '27, '28: Thalian-Rostrum debate, '30: Mixed Charus, '29: Salutatorian

#### SCHENFELDT, WILLIAM

"And in adversitie fue packent."

Manual Training Curriculum

Football, "29, "30

#### CARTER, PAULINE G.

"She was a worthy wommon at hir lyoe."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Unadilla: Vice-president, fall term, "30:

President, winter term, "30-"21

HOWARD, OSMOND

NICHOLS, VIRGINIA JANE

### BUSH, MIRIAM

"Than Miriam, ne fairer was to sene."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Odeon: President, spring term, '29, winter '30; Secretary, fall term, '28; "Charm School"; "It Never Rains"

#### SCOTT, CLIFFORD

"So hate he lovede, that by nightertale He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale."

Foreign Language Curriculum

"The Romantic Age"; "Is Zat So"; "Pillars of Society"; "It Never Rains"; Rostrum, '30, '31; Vice-president, winter term, '30; Cheer leader; Boys Glee Club; Clarion Staff, '31; State Debate, '29-'30, '30-'31; Rostrum-Thalian debate, spring and fall, '30, '31; Vidette staff, '30-'31; Honor Roll

# FLANAGAN, BERNADINE

"Of studie took she most care and most hede."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Secretary of Class, '28; Thalian: President, winter term, '31; Secretary, fall term, '30; Thalian-Rostrum debate, fall term, '30; State debate, '29-'30; '30-'31; Clarion Staff, '29, '30; "Charm School"; Lecture Board: Recording Secretary, '30-'31; Latin Club; Valedictorian

# BROWN, GEORGE BOSWORTH

"Discreet he was, and of greet reverence."
Foreign Language Curriculum
"Charm School"; Clarion Staff, '31; Class
Speaker

#### PETERS, HILDRED

"She hadde conscience and tendre herte."
Foreign Language Curriculum
G. A. A. '29, '30; Unadilla: Reporter, fall
term, '30; Vice-president, winter term, '30;
Treasurer, spring term, '31; Reporter, spring
term, '31







# ROPP, ESTHER

"And fresher was and jolyer of array,
As to my doom, than is the monthe of
May."

Commercial Curriculum Unadilla: President, spring term, '31; Secretary, winter term, '30-'31; G. A. A.; Honor Roll

# BLAIR, BRITT

"He was a verray parfait gentil knight."

Foreign Language Curriculum

Secretary of Class, '29; Treasurer of Class, '30-'31; Odeon: Treasurer, fall term, '30; President, spring term, '31; Class Speaker; Honor Roll

#### CHILDERS, MABEL

"Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire."

Commercial Curriculum

Orchestra: Secretary-Treasurer, '30; President, '31; Unadilla: Vice-president, spring term, '31; "Charm School"; "It Never Rains"; Commercial Contest, '30; Clarion Staff, '31

### CARTER, ADA JANE

"So great noblesse in ernest, ceriously."

Commercial Curriculum

G. A. A.

# STUBBLEFIELD, ELIZABETH

"In feloweschip wel coude she laughe and corpe."

Commercial Curriculum
Commercial Contest, '29; Unadilla: Vicepresident, winter term, '29-'30; Treasurer,
spring term, '30; President, fall term

# BLUM, JULIA

"Yong, strong, right vertuos, and riche and wys,
And well biloved, and holden in gret prys."

Foreign Language Curriculum
Litsa Laurean: Secretary, '29, '30; Odeon, '31; G. A. A.; "Charm School"; "Purple Towers"; "In Old Louisiana"; Glee Club, '28, '29, '30; Mixed Chorus; Orchestra, '28, 29; Orchesis, '28; Clarion Staff, '30, '31; Honor Roll

# ELLIOT, ROBERT EMERT

"And certainly he hadde a mery note."

Commercial Curriculum

Baseball, '31

# WALKER, DONALD

"For sothe he was a worthy man."
Foreign Language Curriculum
Transfer from Ben Funk High School



# Travels of a Student

(With apologies to the songsters of the Middle Ages)

Clifford Scott, a student of University High School, set forth on a tour.

Clifford Scott is a studious guy,

And is highly regarded in the faculty's eye.

On the first night out he stopped at an inn known locally as the Station Store. Here he met some of his fellow-students. The milkshakes flowed freely, and before long our friends began to sing. Here follows the song:

1.

George Brown—Ah, the handsome brute! Girls the world o'er think he's cute. Boop-boop-a-doop.

2.

Lilith Southgate you can see Always singing "I love me." Boop-boop-a-doop.

3.

Bob Elliott is a lad, of ways so rough, Whose whiskers are exceedingly tough. Boop-boop-a-doop.

4.

Maurine Church, of serious mien, Is less often heard than seen. Boop-boop-a-doop.

5.

Forrest Noggle, a student in math, Gives all his teachers a darn good laugh. Boop-boop-a-doop.

Jeanne Parret, a frivolous lass, Studies her lessons right in class. Boop-boop-a-doop.

7.

Arthur Spafford, though free with his cash, Never does anything exceedingly rash. Boop-boop-a-doop.

8.

Mable Childers, so pleasingly plump, Thinks she's sugar in a lump. Boop-boop-a-doop.

9.

Bill McKnight, who knows every shade of rose, Blushes most charmingly from his ears to his nose. Boop-boop-a-doop.

Then they retired to rest their weary bones. Dawn! Once more Clifford and his merry friends started on their journey. In the evening they chanced upon a cozy inn snuggled deep amidst collegiate environment. It was called the "Alamo". Here while drinking "cokes" they sang the following:

1.

Eugene Cawood, who dresses so neatly, A girl from Funk's Grove thinks of him sweetly. Boop-boop-a-doop.

Boop-boop-a-doop.

2.

Barbara Turner, "Call me Ann", Is always looking for a man.

3.

Weldon Hanks is so very small, Ziggy cannot see him at all. Boop-boop-a-doop.

"Gertie" Byerly, of hair so red, Always talks of Lawrence, 'tis said. Boop-boop-a-doop.

5.
Howard Williams, an exaggerator of renown,
Is the Senior Class's humorous clown.
Boop-boop-a-doop.

6.

Maurine Darling, adored by all men, Will never be known as a "has been". Boop-boop-a-doop.

7.

Clarence Burner, that elongated guy, Is always wishing he could fly. Boop-boop-a-doop.

8.

Helen Disher, a beauty superb, Comes from Shirley's only suburb. Boop-boop-a-doop.

Then on again they traveled. On! On! On! Presently they came to the First Christian Church yard, where a morality play was in progress. Here is the cast of players.

Stregth	Weldon Hanks
	Helen Bardenhagen
	Norman Baird
	Margaret Gillmore
	Lilith Southgate
	William McKnight
	John White
Folye	Julia Blum
Poverte	Miriam Bush

And thence on to the Green Goblin. Here, while drinking grape juice and ginger-ale, they again burst forth in song.

Mildred Peard likes a boy with hair quite red; Every one knows his name is Fred. Boop-boop-a-doop.

9

Mervin Freese—alas, alas— He goes to sleep in every class. Boop-boop-a-doop.

3.

Mary Ellen Reece calls the same number Every night before going to slumber. Boop-boop-a-doop.

4.

Herbert Adams, a poet of note, Shows to no one what he has wrote. Boop-boop-a-doop.

5.

Virginia Orendorff, a Towanda lass, Is the competent secretary of our class. Boop-boop-a-doop.

6.

John White, lover of home-made tarts, Has broken many pretty girls' hearts. Boop-boop-a-doop.

7.

Miriam Bush is a comely lass— The fellows say, "Wow! What class!" Boop-boop-a-doop.

8.

Osmond Howard, with his big 12 shoes, Is a boy that U. High hates to lose. Boop-boop-a-doop.

Helen Bardenhagen, a human pin, Falls to the floor with a terrific din. Boop-boop-a-doop.

From there Clifford and his friends made their way to the rooms of a renowned astrologer, Miss Gertrude Stephens, where they learned some interesting things about the future.

Clifford Scott will be the President of Podunk University, and the most prominent man in the college world. His rare knowledge will make possible perpetual motion.

Edna Mae Baird is to become famous at thirty-six. She will be married six times and divorced six times, which is a new record in America. Ah! Yes, Edna Mae will be the world's greatest vamp.

Behold in John White the future Knute Rockne. He will become the world's greatest football coach. In 1950 he will invent a system that will revolutionize football.

Julia Blum is to be a scientist of great renown. Ten years from this date she will be in Africa searching for that rare something, the whiffenpoof. She will conduct this search for Mr. T. M. Barger, Sr., the physics teacher at University High School.

Here is Clarence Burner, pictured as a Latin teacher at Yuton, Illinois. His latest work will be a treatise on "The Principles of Teaching Latin in Rural Schools". He will collect this knowledge by extensive research and travels.

The future years will find Mary Ellen Reece in London, running an establishment known as "The Elite Beauty Shoppe". She will be known the world over for her hairpins, which stay where placed.

Britt Blair will prosper as Normal's greatest merchant. He will own a lollypop factory and put out several million lollypops each month. He will get rich quick by fleecing the students out of their hard-earned cash.

William McKnight, Junior, we glimpse as the head of the McKnight Universal Publishing Company. His company will do the printing for all the governments of the world. He will die rich and exceedingly happy. In his will he will leave four million to the unemployed.

Ada Jane Carter is to head an Anti-Candyist Club. She will initiate into her club any girl whom she sees eating candy. The club is to stop girls from becoming fat. The crystal states that the club will be a fattening success.

Eugene Cawood will figure as the handsomest actor in Hollywood. He will be married four times and divorced four times. Then he will marry a girl from Funks Grove and live happily ever after.

Bernadine Flanagan is introduced as a history critic in University High School. She will be strongly against debating, although serving as the sponsor of Thalian. She will write a book on the history of nineteen-thirty.

Ralph Rader will go to the University of Carlock, where he will be a great football star, and the captain of the team in his senior year. After he graduates he will become a professional player.

Esther Ropp will weave rugs for a living and meanwhile a man will weave into the woof of her life. She will marry him and be happy the rest of her days.

Donald Walker is to be a dentist, located at Yuton, Illinois. He will be noted for his expert dentistry on animals of all kinds. He will become rich, but die unhappy. All of his estate will go to the Yuton Animal Poor Farm.

Elisabeth Stubblefield will be engaged in a rattling good business, that of an undertaker. She will become Normal's greatest and richest woman; but the man who marries her will steal her money, and then leave her with a broken pocketbook and heart.

Paul Carver will be a mechanic, earning good pay. His specialty is automobiles, but he can operate and repair any kind of machinery. He will be employed at Sears, Roebuck, and Company, in charge of the Toy Department.

Pauline Carter will be a school teacher at Kerrick, Illinois. For pupils she will have two boys, two girls, and seven chickens. She will retire, after earning sufficient lucre, and live on a lonely ranch in the Black Hills.

Marjorie Simmons will become Chicago's most beautiful society woman. She will make her debut on March 1, 1942. Happiness will be hers until she meets the man of her dreams, then unhappiness until they are married. After that, all will be well.

# 19=31

Arthur Spafford is indexed as the world's light-weight boxing champion. He will have a terrific right hook, which will flatten many opponents. He will be considered as the best exponent of his art.

Virginia Nichols we see as a famous author. She will write a book entitled "Why I Left Home", and for this she will be awarded the Nobel prize.

It is prophesied that Hildred Peters will be the head of pickle business. After a few years of success, she will find herself in a pickle on account of the business depression. She will finally go "cuckoo" looking for a sweet pickle that isn't sweet.

Lilith Southgate will be the proprietor of the Southgate Manufacturing Plant—the only woman owning a plant of any kind. She will be popular among the men of her town.

Barbara Turner will be noted for her journalistic efforts and radio broadcasts. She will be a favorite in television fields because of her "crowning glory" (red being easier to transmit in colors than brown, black, or yellow). In broadcasts she will be easily identified by her rapid speech.

After their look into the magic mirror of the astrologist, Clifford and his companions departed on their various paths, thinking fondly of the days in the past and looking forward expectantly to the days of the future.



Juniors



## Junior Class

#### OFFICERS

President	Maurine Blum
Vice-president	Melvin Jacquot
Secretary	Jimmy Holley
Treasurer	Robert Darley



## Junior Class

### To Our Sponsors

To you who have guided us throughout the year,
With words of great wisdom, with kindness and cheer,
To you who have made these our happiest days,
To you who have helped us in thousands of ways,
Dear Sponsors, we offer our honor and praise.
You have led us with patience, advised us with care;
You have taught us with courage to do and to dare;
You have kept us advancing with laudable speed;
You have given us friendship when we were in need.
For these things, dear Sponsors, we thank you indeed.
J. L. H., '32

## Madame Gundy Expounds at the Iunior-Senior Banquet.

(With apologies to Babees Book of Courtesy of the Middle Ages)

In looking over this banquet group,

I think I see many drinking their soup.

Me thinks they need a lesson in etiquette.

And this is a darn good place to start. You bet!

Oh, look at JACK STREEPER licking his knife! He must think he's playing a fife. And there's LAUREL McCONKEY-he guy-Now trying to cop the silver on the sly. I must go on with this lesson of need, For NORTON is eating with terrible speed. Well, well, if ALICE and little BILL QUINN Aren't starting their fight all over again. Both of you know that isn't nice. MARY ELISE, put away those red dice! Say, NICK-Well, look at that-He's giving a good imitation of Jack Spratt. REX and ELLIS? Are you members of this class? Yes? Well, stop throwing that glass. WALTER? Now Miss Hamilton will be wroth If you keep spilling coffee all over the cloth. Now behave yourselves, students, for once and for all. Oh, there is JULIA making eyes at PAUL. And watch the young lady, MAURINE BLUM, Trying to talk with her mouth full of gum. This banquet has just started, and yet The students show they have no etiquette. See here, DOROTHY BALTZ, stop squashing that cake. You're making more noise than all could make.

Tut, tut, EDYTHE! You think you are sly, But I saw you hit ELWOOD in the eye. And you too, ELWOOD, stop cutting up. First thing you know you will drop a cup. Now, SYLVIA, stop flirting with that boy; I didn't think you were so brazen; I thought you coy. And say, you,—yeah! BERNICE SPANGLER, Since when did you become such a wrangler? RALPH! Get your fingers out of that jam Or I'll come over and give you a wham. Say, JOHN, quit munching like a horse. We can easily hear you, of course, But don't try to show us your way Because—NED! Remove from your mouth that wisp of hay. RICHARD WEBER, if you eat any more You will burst and splutter all over the floor. And there are ELSA and ESTHER, sisters so fair, Striving to tear out each other's hair. And now our own quiet MILDRED WHITE Is taking in one mouthful more than she can bite. Now I shall continue till the lesson is done But—Say, KENNETH, you threw that bun. I hope that your manners improve in a while. DOROTHY, stop drawing pictures on this floor of tile. Won't you students wait until I am done? Goodness sake, there's BARNEY doing the Charleston. Miss Church, these students won't be good. Look at them all, guzzling down the food. All right, DICK WILLIAMS, calm your boisterous laughter.

Phooey—Who put that vinegar in my water?

Or you will surely have a mighty hot fate.

Now, MELVIN, refrain from licking your plate

## 19 31

Listen here, JIMMIE, stop biting your nails. And quit flinging your arms about like flails. Now, FRANCES BRIGHT, put away that pink powder puff. Don't you know when enough is enough? I suppose I'll finally get through; Somebody please find me my shoe. That was you, GOLDIE, I'll slap your face,— Well, for crying out loud! What a grimace! Stop clowning, FLOYD, and listen to me. You'll need it to become a great big "he". Mercy me, what do you think? TRUNETTA eats like a missing link. There goes the window curtain down and down-Fell rather neatly on TRUMAN'S crown. Now, TRUMAN, don't slug SAMMY like that, And the floor is no place for your Sunday hat. There goes another one—one and one make two; They will be all down before MARY LOU is through. For Pete's sake, JAMES CUSTER, stop throwing those pins. They hurt when they stick our sensitive shins. ROBERT DARLEY, don't get so rough Or I'll show you who's here that is really tough. BOB ERDMAN, settle down and begin to pray. You won't go to Heaven after eating that way. Now MARGARET, don't give me any of your sass, Or I'll forget I'm a member of this class. What? Did you wish to speak? Well, MARJORIE, stop shuffling your feet. Oh, my gosh, how long will this last Before the excitement gets furious and fast?

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But now, to go on with my lesson of faults,-Waiter, bring LOUISE the smelling salts. Be quiet, be sensible, be nice, I beg! Oh my, BETTY hit HELEN with a table leg. There's NELLIE, the school's tomboy, Acting so nice, so good, so coy. There's a lot of gab from MARYFERN, But it won't be long until she'll learn. There's GERALDINE trying to high hat. TOM up and threw at her a spat. WAYNE, where do you get that stuff? EMILY'S only trying to pull over a bluff. Now LUCILLE is a merry young soul— She's trying to swallow a doughnut whole. STANLEY also is getting very gay; He's standing on the table trying to pray. Now, WOODROW, cut all that noise out; I can hear you nicely—so don't you shout. I guess ELEANOR forgot herself this time-She said to me, "Your speech doesn't rhyme." Sav, WILFRED, stop acting funny; We already know you look like a bunny. There is FERN biting VIOLET'S arm; I hope VIOLET doesn't do FERN any harm. Oh, HELEN LOUISE, the studious student! If she keeps on, her mind will get bent. Now, IRMA, you surely have gall; Act your age if you have to crawl. FRANCES BRINING, you cute little thing, Get down off the table! You can't sing. LOUISE WALKER, you bad little girlie, What makes you so terribly surly?

Oh, it's useless! I give up the ghost—
I can make naught of juniors but a very poor host.
But I hope that the seniors, and teachers too,
Will forgivingly smile at this awful stew.

#### Debating

Dorothy Baltz, Ellis Blair, and Robert Erdman are the students who are ably representing the juniors in the State Debate class. From this class the school debaters will be chosen. The question is Resolved, that chain stores are a menace.

#### Athletics

The class was very proud to have five members receive football letters last fall. The lettermen are Kenneth Fuller, Captain-elect for 1931-2, Nick Bosnjak, Laurell McConkey, Billy Quinn, and Richard Weber. Other boys faithfully came out to practice and played in several games. They also deserve mention. Among them are Ralph Burns and Robert Darley.

We regret that the basketball letters have not yet been presented, but juniors out are Nick Bosnjak, Wilbur Barton, Ellis Blair, Melvin Jacquat, Truman Şage, Rex Darling, and Richard Weber. Jimmie Holley is managing the team.

We hope that a number of boys will go out for track and baseball and so maintain the class record.

#### Play

The junior play, "GREEN STOCKINGS," was a great success. The class was especially proud to have for the first time in a number of years a cast made up entirely of juniors. Not only did the cast co-operate well, but also the class, both in planning for the play and in the presentation.

#### Societies

The Junior Class is well represented in the various societies. There are seven junior members in Thalian, ten in Rostrum, six in Odeon, two in Unadilla, eleven in G. A. A.



Sophomores



Lord and Ladies of this castle,
The Troubadours do sing to thee,
Telling tales of girl and vassal
Who are in the class of '33.
They are a very merry crowd,
And not so slow in classes,
Though sometimes far too gay and loud,
As they gossip in the masses.

In this class is a very bold man
Answering to the name of Schroeder.
Each girl delights to tease him
Because he is so 'fraid o' her.

There are Marjorie and Vivienne, Sometimes too misleading; But they'll always quiet down At Ruthie's gentle pleading.

Frances and Virginia
Oft are seen in laughter.
Boys, vou'd better beware o' them—
They'll get the man they're after!

Mary Frances and Ernestine
Do love the boys who are old;
So bashful Bob and "Winnie"
Have grown to be quite bold.

Martha Rose and Woodrow
Would make a very good pair;
The only thing against it,
"Skilly" would think it unfair.

9===**(L**)==31

Grace and Jessie Langhoff
All soccer games attend;
Gracie makes a fine goal guard,
Jessie her aid does lend.

Hudelson and Wierman
Are rivals at their studies,
But outside of lessons
Are very friendly buddies.

Jim Williams is very seldom seen
Alone, without friend Bob.
Such is the case with King and Miller,
Who together do hobnob.

We have a very brilliant girl,
Who's not so hard to look at;
'Tis either Catherine or Dorothy.
Can you guess which, off the bat?

Anabelle and "Marty"

Are both quite cute and chic.

If either e'er have heartache,

Call Ned or Rex right quick!

Although they're rather quiet,
Much fun are Lillian and Lou.
When you get to know them,
You'll surely like them, too.

Three gallant knights do in our class appear— Veach, Purdy, and McKee. All so very handsome are, On which to bet is hard to see.

Two bosom pals are Carl and Ross—
They always together toil.
One is blond, the other dark—
For each other they make a good foil.

And have you heard the latest news
Of young Martha, our Lillums?
She has turned Joe completely down,
For company of "Doc" Williams.

Surely you've heard of "Wart" and "Jake",
Those two tall, jolly lads!
Both are favorites with the girls,
For they are the latest fads!

Two girls taking commercial work
In the business world some day we'll see.
Now you'll find out who they are—
Alberta Hinthorne and Ruth Darley.

We have three great pals, whom
We find together on most school days.
May this never end—the friendship of
Helens B. and L. and Marjorie Mays.

Often over to Normal High
Go Marjorie B. and Allene Bright,
There to see Harold and Earl,
All on a Monday night.

A winsome maiden, and quite nice, Is happy Mary C.
In home economics she enrolls.
Her chosen work and name agree.

Two of our little lads
Together quite oft we see.
Tho they are small, neither is dumb.
They are Herman R. and Russell E.

Not very congenial are Bob and Don; But just love the other to tease. Don gets angry, so does Bob; So both find out 'tis better to please.

A new girl to our number added
Answers to the name of Ruby Cahoon.
If she keeps up her jolly way
She'll be a favorite soon.

Tom and Glenn H—,

(It's too long to spell),

Both love aeroplanes

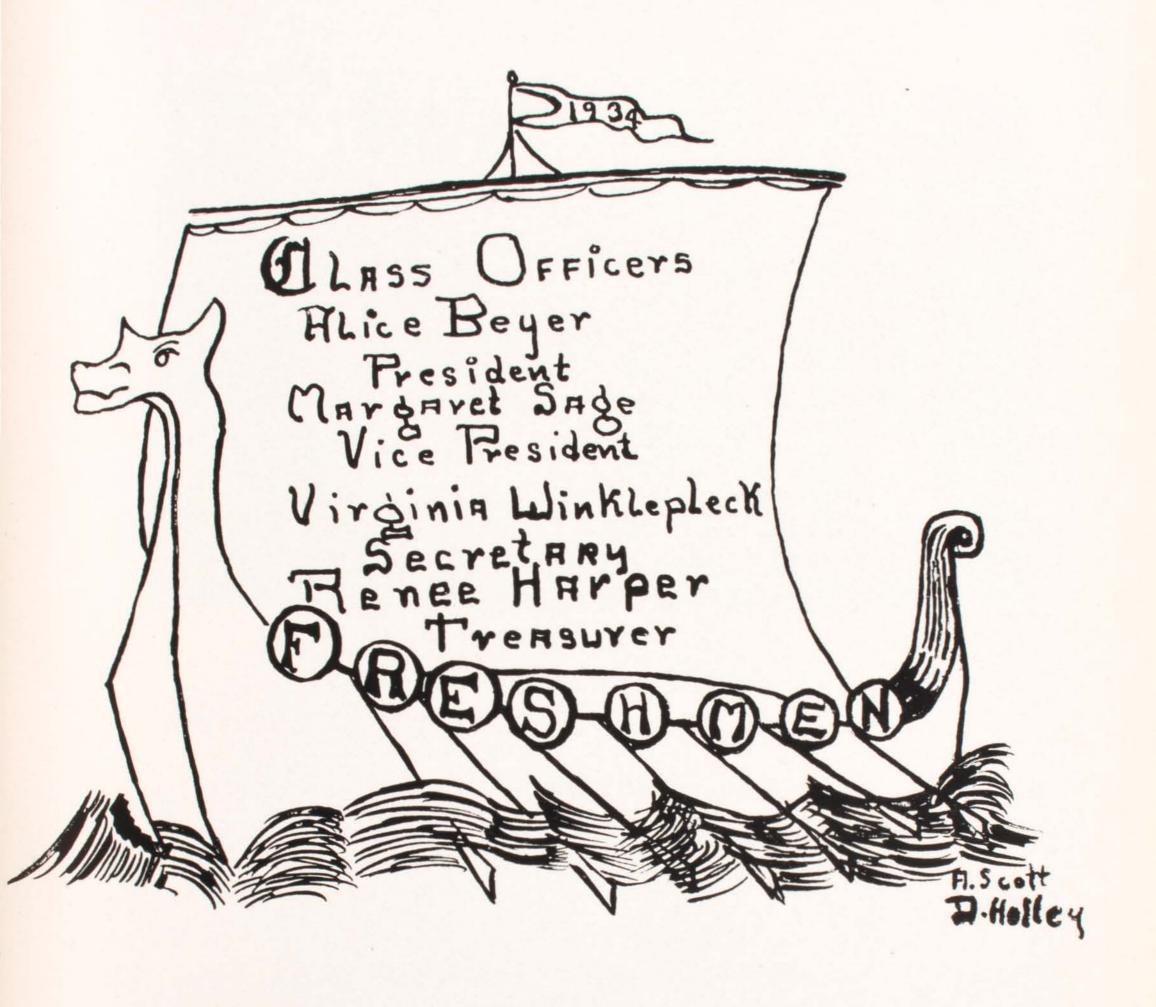
And draw them very well.

Mary Lou and Miriam
Are friends concerning much.
Any of their notes on J. H. B.
Don't you dare to touch!

Last, but very far from least
Comes one of great purport.
LaVerne Bundy is a man
Of a quite likeable sort.

Lords and Ladies of this castle,
The troubadours have sung to thee
Telling tales of maid and vassal
Who are in the class of '33.

Now as we leave your gracious presence,
And hasten on from here,
We hope you have enjoyed our ditty,
And the chronicles of their soph'more year.





### The Song of the Vikings

(By Vere, the Valiant Wolf)

Hear ye! the tale of the Vikings Who sailed in the ship so great. We embarked in the year 1930— September fifteenth was the date.

When we embarked on the seas of High School, Alice Beyer was given command; Her assistants were Sage and Winklepleck And the rest of our gallant band.

Of course we had a treasure chest Aboard our massive ship; 'Twas entrusted to Renee Harper To guard throughout the trip.

Four of the staunchest and bravest Our commander could call upon To assist her were "Mada" Duesing, "Charkie", "Ardy", and Dorothy Anderson.

Strong arms it took, and many, To row our craft so fair: Rynell, Walston, Stephens, Walters, Reeves, Watson, and Francis Hare.

Each his own task must accomplish To fit him for life's future years.

9===**(L**)==31

Orr and Roberts looked after the livestock— 'Twas well done, you need have no fears.

The musicians we had in our jolly band Cheered us in sundry ways—
Castle, Schuler, and many more Played sweetly our U. High lays.

At first the seas were gentle,
But then a storm arose;
We hit the shores of the seniors,
And rubbed against rouge-pot foes.

The nets of the seniors caught us, And held us for many a day. They were stern and heartless masters; But we served, and at last got away.

Protected by warriors brave and bold, We did not fear our fate— Broughton, Rodrick, and Richard Kohler, Lynn McConkey, and George Southgate.

L. Walker, Sutter, and Durbin Had chosen as their careers
The secretarial course to help us
Throughout our U. High years.

The crew was always healthy— Our great "chef" was in command; Jane Pierce, assisted by Ruth Farnham, Gave us food they had carefully planned.

When our "chef" said the food was all ready, She called Rash, Stover, and Frances Moore, Landis, Oesch, and Howard, Who carried food 'till the meal was o'er.

We had in our crew many talents: First our gifted artists three—Holly, Scott, and Coen—each Gave us pictures true to see.

Our spinners, McConnell and Hattie Roberts, Worked from the dawn of day; Assisted by Thompson, Dobbs, and Carver, They accomplished much without extra pay.

Upon the field of scrimmage We had some mighty men, Callans with his prowess And also Flanagan.

Days that were long and darksome Were brightened by maidens four: T. Walker, Cahoon, Ingram, and Tarlton Danced gaily while all called for more.

Then there were gifted singers, Sweet and clear their voices pealed— Sommers, Lentz, Killian, Pollock, And Louise Stubblefield.

Capable guards were our lookouts; Through trials untold did they stick, Our dependables Robert Turner, Roger Martin, and Frank Tick.

Oft' when the seas were stormy,
We needed advisers true;
We straightway went to Miss Stroud and Miss Webb,
The guardians of our crew.

So we'll all stand at our places, We'll endure till the cruise is o'er; Then our faithful pilot, Pringle, Will guide us to the shore.

He'll give us all our emblems
In memory of the fight
We had in sailing over
The sea of High School—RIGHT.

The big bonfire that attracted so much attention on the south campus on a Friday night in October, 1930, was a part of the freshman weiner roast. The fun we had playing games and running around the track was only equaled by the pleasure of listening in the flickering firelight to the beautiful music from Joe's violin.

The Freshman Class of Vikings were required by their masters, the seniors, to give an original program. Accordingly, one October morning in

assembly, a program was announced by Alice Beyer.

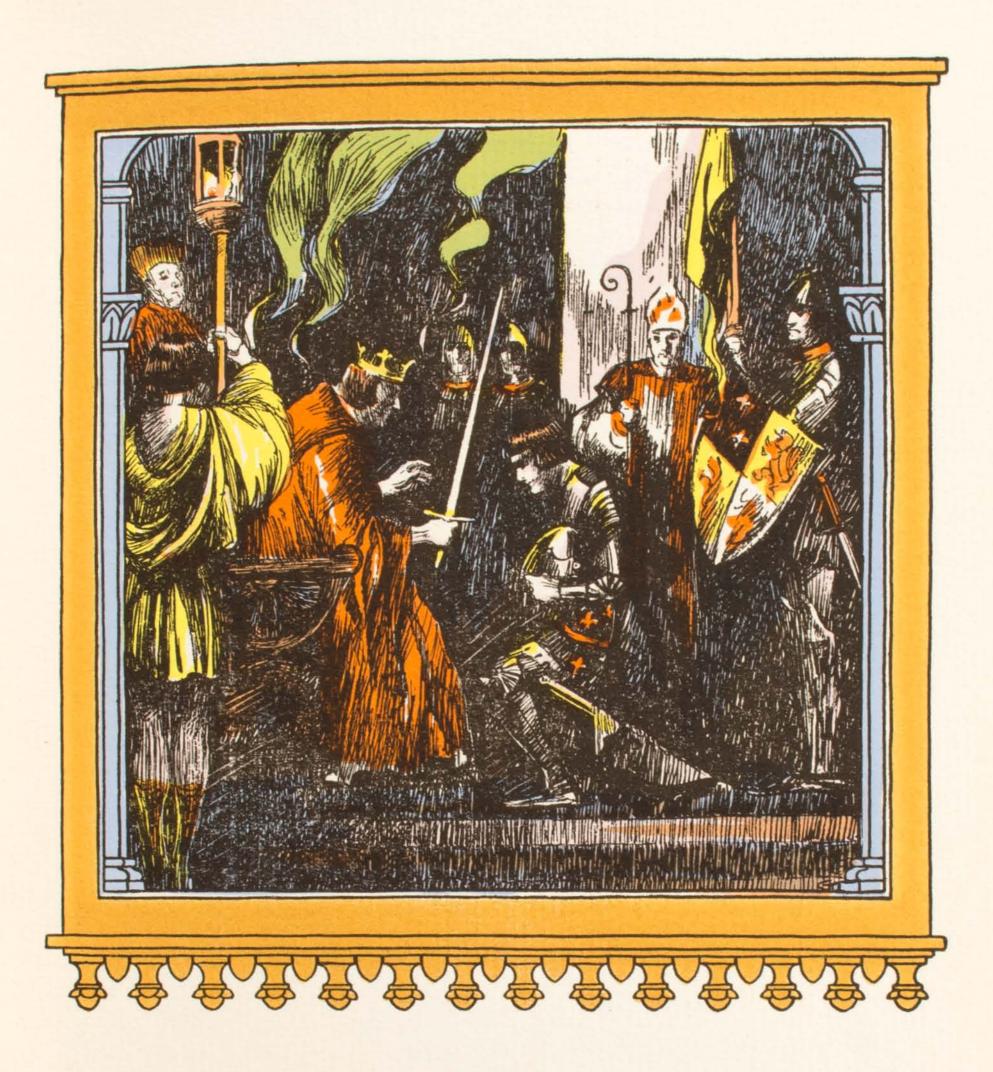
The first feature was a tap dance by Elaine Ingram. Joseph Castle then gave two numbers on his violin, Eleanor Coen played "A Kentucky Barbecue" on her guitar, and Vere Wolf (Vere the Valiant) gave a piano number. Margaret Sage, imitating Barbara Turner on the piano, closed the program.

The U Hi Hop, held at the Old Castle on November 3, 1930, was a tremendous success. The music was furnished by "Bev" Schuler's Modernistic Orchestra. Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Beyer, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Sage, and all the class sponsors served as patronesses. Everybody was present and all the class sponsors served as patronesses.

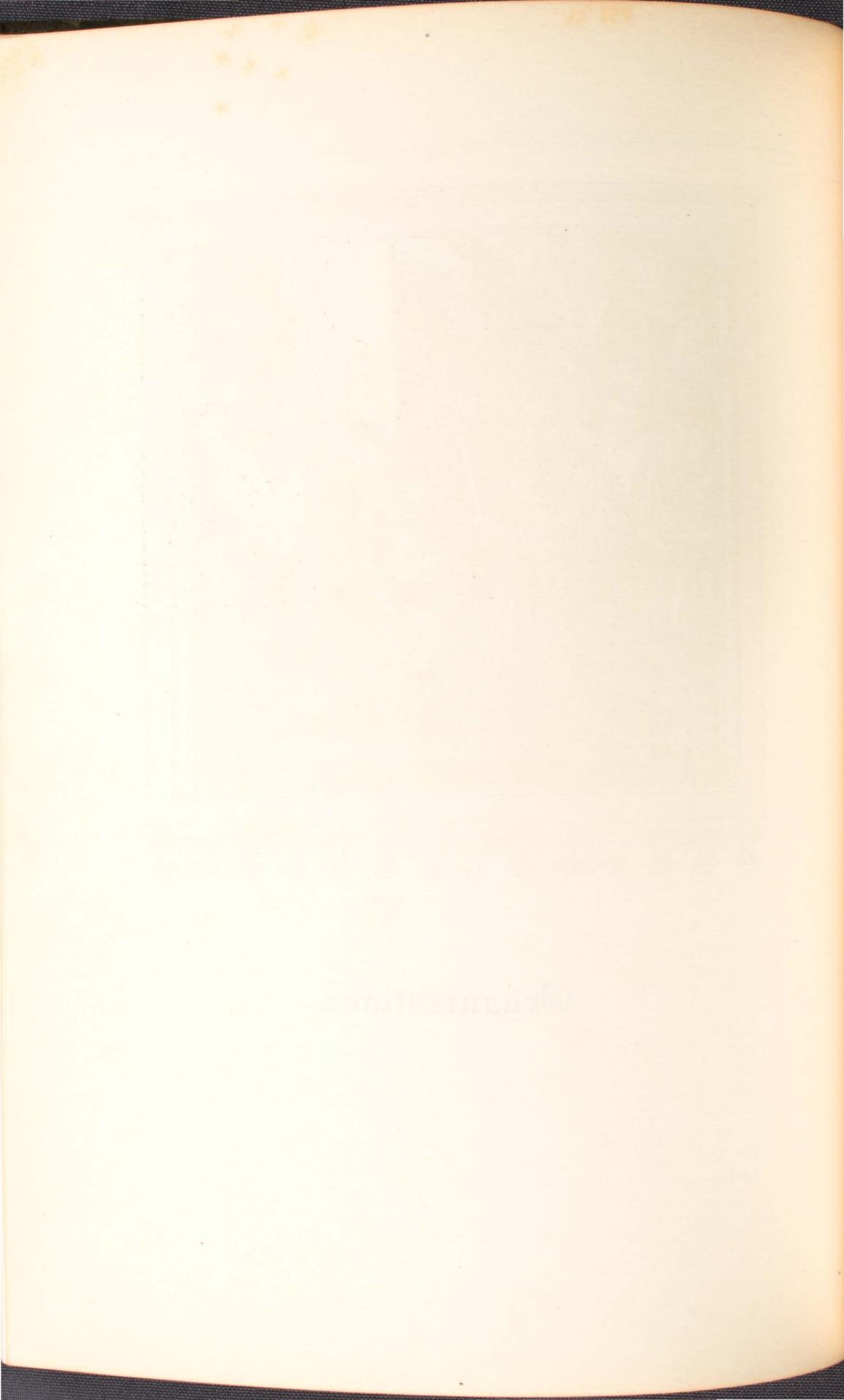
ent and a great time was had by all.

The bleak winds of January did not keep the Freshman Class from having a party one Friday night in the Old Castle. They danced, played cards, and had a mid-winter frolic under the rosy glow of many colored spotlights.

Editor of the Vikings



Organizations







## Thalian Debating Society

Thalian Debating Society passed through its ninth year very successfully, all the members having greatly increased their knowledge of debating through weekly practice and through the guidance of their sponsor, Mr. Barger. Thalian furnished some members on this year's debate team from University High, and the society still holds the Dr. F. C. McCormick cup, having defeated Rostrum in the annual debate.

The presidents of Thalian for this year have been Barbara Turner, fall term; Bernadine Flanagan, winter term, and Mary Ellen Reece, spring term.

Thalian's first social event was a weiner roast, held at Bernadine Flanagan's home, in October. In early spring the society initiated the latest additions to their group. The social activities of the year ended with the annual spring banquet, held May 23.

In December Thalian gave her annual carnival, which proved exceedingly successful. This is the money-making scheme of the year, but it means fun as well as work.

ROLL

SENIOR GROUP
Gertrude Byerly
Maurine Darling
Bernadine Flanagan
Mary Ellen Reece
Lilith Southgate
Barbara Turner

JUNIOR GROUP
Dorothy Baltz
Maurine Blum
Edith Burroughs
Mary Lou Johnson
Trunetta Keys
Maryfern Martin
Alice McGuire
Emily Norton

SOPHOMORE GROUP
Mary Louise Barger
Allene Bright
Miriam Coen
Annabelle Innis
Marjorie Martin
Virginia Quinn
Catherine Thomson
Vivienne Vincent
Ruthe Watson



#### Rostrum

Ye ancient Order of the Knights of Rostrum just finished one of their most successful years. Many interesting questions of the day were discussed at the weekly jousts. An interesting tournament was held in the fall, with the Order of Thalian. After a bitter verbal struggle, Thalian emerged victorious. The spring encounter will be a different story however—we knights hope.

Sirs William McKnight, John White, and Herbert Adams served as presidents of the Order during the three terms.

Ye Knights did assemble their fair ladies and did journey to Lake Bloomington to enjoy a wiener roast, in the fall. The spring term activities listed a theatre party and the annual stag banquet.





### Adventures of Odeon

In this year of Bank Failures and Lack of Employment, we, the Knights and Ladies of Odeon, rode bravely on our jaunty steeds toward our goal, Effectiveness in Speech. The I. S. N. U. program was changed, thus depriving us of the advantage of an Assured Place and Time of meeting and Credit for our work. We rode into Night Meetings where we encountered dragons. There was conflict with meeting times of other societies and groups, and no Certain Place of Meeting. After a time we came to rest in Room N, where the absence of an instrument forbade Music on our programs. There were originally eighteen of us, nine Knights and nine Ladies. Our Charter was altered to permit ten Knights and ten Ladies to be in our band. But Purely Voluntary Literary Work came into our path. Knights fled. Still, those who had been in our band a year or more were unwilling to give up the Adventure, and we rode on. The brave Knights who have continued with us are Britt Blair, Paul Hudelson, Jim Williams, Ralph Burns, Rex Darling, and Truman Sage. The Ladies who began the year in the Band are Miriam Bush, Marjorie Simmons, Mary Elise Humphreys, Martha Humphreys, Geraldine Shroeder, Mildred Peard, Frances White. The Ladies unafraid who have joined our Band this year are Margaret Fraser, Jeanne Parret, Helen Disher, Betty Galford, Julia Blum. We, with the help and encouragement of our leader, Miss Stephens, are still riding to our goal.





### Unadilla

Dear Unadilla Alumnae:

You know I sometimes take great pleasure in reviewing the year's activities. I do this year because our society has done some very interesting things.

First I shall tell you about our social events. The first and probably the most interesting event of the year was the steak fry, held in the timber near Randolph on Friday, October 24.

Then we had an enjoyable time December 12, when we shared a pot luck supper at school. Our girl friends were guests at this occasion.

Our annual banquet was held on February 13. This was a patriotic party; so the decorations and the menu were both symbolic of the "February spirit."

But I must tell you about our pilots for the year. Elisabeth Stubble-field was the president during the fall term. Pauline Carter presided during the winter term. In the spring term our society was led by Esther Ropp.

I hope you have enjoyed this message because it gives to you the doings of the faithful band who were followers in your footsteps.

Sincerely yours,

A 1931 Unadilla Member.



### Girls' Glee Club

The Girls Glee Club has closed another eventful year. Officers for the organization throughout the year were President, Dorothy Baltz; Vice-president, Julia Bischoff; Secretary, Vivienne Vincent.

The Club met on Wednesday evenings. In the latter part of the year much time was spent in preparing for the District Music Contest.

In the fall of the year a wiener roast was held at Lake Bloomington for members and their guests.

Miss Blaine Boicourt was sponsor of the Club.



### The Orchestra

The University High School Orchestra was organized in the fall of 1927. But the original orchestra had been organized when some of the present group were in the seventh grade.

In 1927 the membership was thrown open to the whole high school, and a constitution was adopted. At present the membership totals twelve.

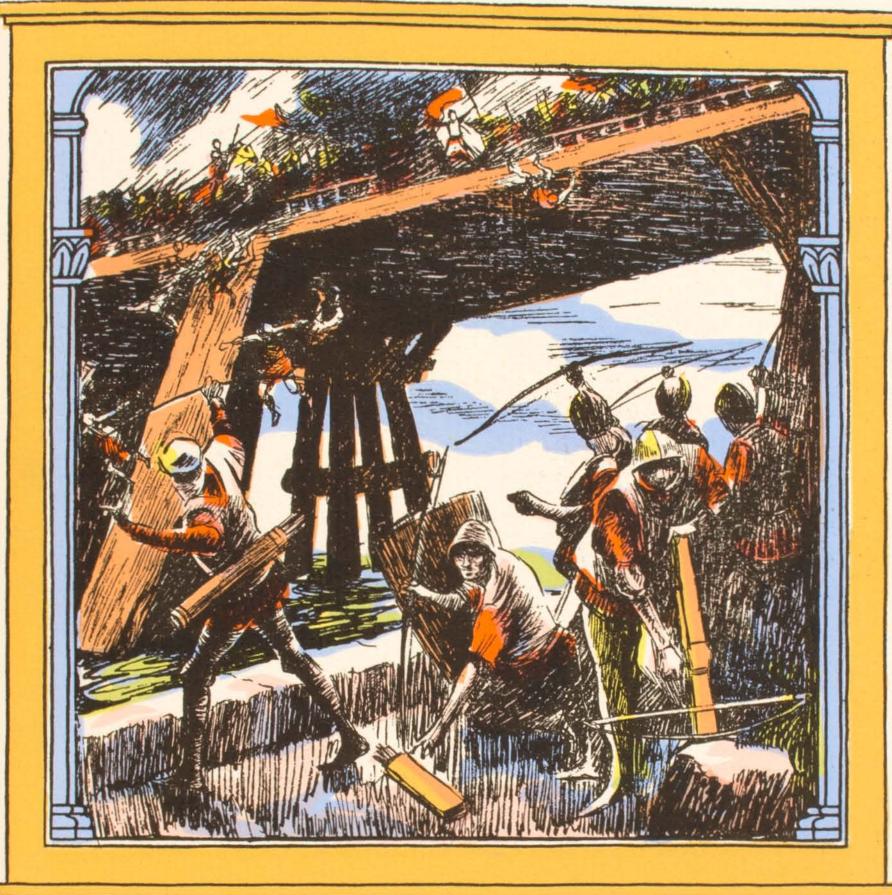
Mabel Childers was president of the organization during 1930-31, and Weldon Hanks was secretary-treasurer.

An enjoyable social event was held at the beginning of the school year. Two public programs have been given this year, one for the junior play and one for the senior play.

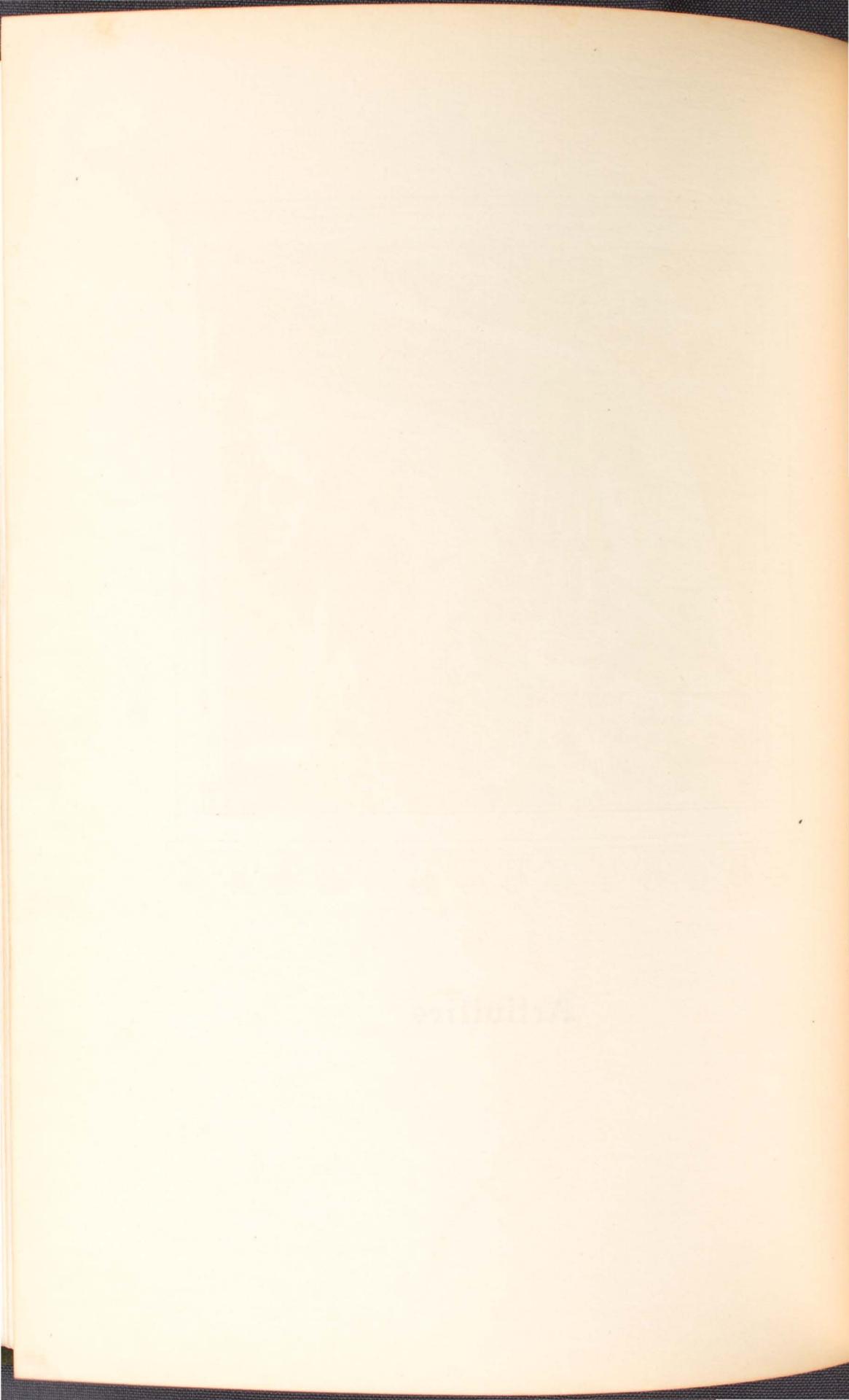
#### ROLL

Norman Baird Clarence Burner Joseph Castle Eugene Cawood Mabel Childers Louise Fuller Weldon Hanks Donald Orr Mary Ellen Reece Beverly Schuler Barbara Turner Edna Mae Wiley

Sponsor: Mr. Westhoff Director: Walter Donaldson



Activities



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### State Debate

Another season has been closed by the University High School state debate team.

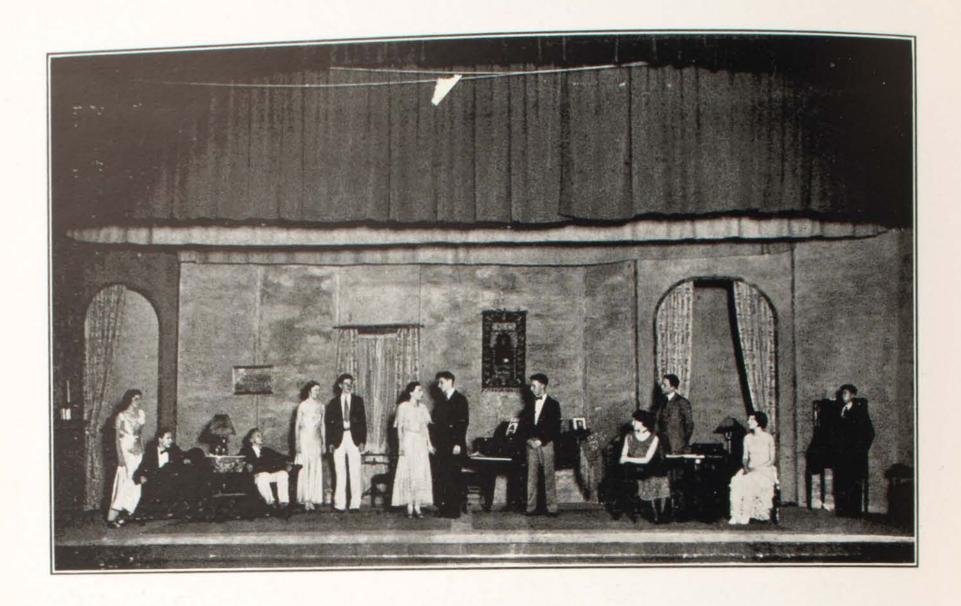
The question debated this season was Resolved, that the chain store is detrimental to the public welfare of the United States.

The affirmative side of this argument was upheld throughout the season by Bernadine Flanagan, Lilith Southgate, and Clifford Scott. The negative team was composed of Ellis Blair, Clarence Burner, and Barbara Turner.

In the first debate our affirmative team journeyed to East Peoria, where they lost a close decision to the team representing that school. The next debate, which was held in our study hall, was won by our negative team. Jacksonville High School debate team came to Normal to receive the decision from our affirmative representatives. In the last debate of the year our negative dropped the decision to Pekin High.

Dorothy Baltz and Ellis Blair will be the sole survivors for a successful season next year.

Mr. Atwood Reynolds of Illinois State Normal University was coach of the team this year. A great deal of credit must be given Mr. Reynolds for his services during the season.



### "Green Stockings"

On Friday, November twentieth, the Junior Class pulled off "Green Stockings."

William Faraday, the father of an aristocratic English family, would not allow Phyllis, the youngest of his four daughters, to marry until Celia, the eldest daughter, was married. Celia's other sisters, Lady Evelyn and Madge, had both been married. Lady Evelyn was a widow and Madge's husband lived in India. Due to an old English custom, Celia had been forced to wear green stockings at the wedding of each of her sisters.

Phyllis was rather disappointed because Celia was just the eldest sister and not very desirable. Celia was disgusted. She was teased constantly because she was almost thirty now, and rather hopeless. But she decided that she, too, would have a love affair. Her fiance would be in the army—of course just a make-believe—but no one would ever know the difference. She spent many hours writing letters to him, carefully destroying them later. No longer did she do all the work; no longer was she just the eldest daughter, for she was engaged to Colonel Smith, D. S. O. But one day Phyllis found one of the letters and mailed it. Then Colonel Smith, who was not just a make-believe, suddenly interested in finding whom he was engaged to, went to the Faraday home under the name of Vavosere.

Although it was just a make-believe affair, it soon became a reality, and Celia didn't have to wear the "green stockings" at Phyllis's wedding after all.

XF 4	
Madge Rockingham	Maurine Blum
Lady Evelyn Trenchard	Carallina Cabraadar
Aunt Ida	Geraldine Schroeder
Aunt Ida Martin	Maryfern Martin
	L'A L
Phyllis Faraday	blamey opings
Honorable D. L	Julia Bischoff
William Farada	Ned Parret
William FaradayAdmiral Grice, R N	Limmie Holley
Admiral Grice, R. N.	D. ing
Admiral Grice, R. NHenry Steele_	Norton Duesing
Henry SteeleCelia Faraday	Laurell McConkey
Cena Faraday	M. Engage
Celia FaradayColonel Smith, D. S. O	Margaret Frasei
Colonel Smith, D. S. O	Richard Williams

Director: Clarence Miller



### "It Never Rains"

March seventeenth the Senior Class presented a delightful comedy, "It Never Rains," written by Aurania Rouvral.

The action centers about the Rodgers and the Donovan families, who are pretending that they are wealthy. Henry Rodgers, a jealous, henpecked husband and real estate salesman, sells some poor real estate to the Donovans. Meanwhile, Jimmy Rodgers falls in love with Dorothy Donovan. Jimmy wants to marry Dorothy, but their parents object; so they decide to elope and be secretly married.

Trouble comes between Henry Rodgers and Walter Donovan when each finds that the other is not wealthy and that the real estate sold to Donovan is of no value. A fight ensues, and the Donovans decide to leave. They catch the young couple trying to elope, and berate them severely.

The play ends as Dane Lawson, a rich and former sweetheart of Henry's wife, who had come to visit her, enters into the real estate business with Henry and Walter, thus giving them the financial backing necessary to bring them wealth.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS (In order of appearance)

Mabel Rodgers	Marjorie Simmons
Savannah	Mabel Childers
Henry Rodgers	Herbert Adams
Limmy Rodgers	Eugene Cawood
Norleen Sears	IICICII DISIICI
Clara Donovan	Barbara Turner
Walter Donovan	Clarence Burner
Dorothy Donovan	Miriam bush
10.23.0	IIIIIIII L
Margaret	Gertrude Byerly
MargaretGale	Mildred Peard
Mary	Jeanne I are
Assistant Cheer LeadersC	Clifford Scott and Norton Duesing

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### The Staff



## The U. High Pear

#### SEPTEMBER

- 17 Back to school.
- 24 Freshmen off to good start. They elect officers.
- 25 G. A. A. holds first roast of the season.

  Clarion staff holds initial meeting.

  Almighty seniors put famous restrictions on the earthy freshmen.
- 27 U. High and El Paso lock horns in opening football game, 6-6.

#### OCTOBER

- 3 U. High is getting the habit. Tie Pontiac, 6-6. Thalian frolics at roast.
- 4 Rostrum comes back with another roast.
- 10 I. S. N. U. celebrates Homecoming. Normal High celebrates victory: U. High-18, N. C. H. S.-21.
- 17 More weeping. Streator-32, U. High-7.
- 18 Girls Glee Club roast at Hudson. They leave their chaperon at home (by mistake).
- 24 Freshmen learn fast. They have a roast, too. Unadilla goes steak-frying near Randolph.
- We play Bloomington and—well, it's this way: Bloomington-36, U. High-0.
- 31 Sophomores let loose some of their originality and have a Hallowe'en party in the Old Castle.

#### NOVEMBER

- 1 Leroy proves bitter medicine and we again stand on the wrong side of the score card: Leroy-37, U. High-0. G. A. A. girls shove off for Peoria Manual to attend a Play Day.
- 7 The freshmen present a program for the approval of the seniors. They seem to approve—except for the imitations.
- We enter the "no score" column again when Westville gets 45 points and U. High—well, they "also ran".

- 9 The juniors scamper forth to a roast at Frances Bright's.
- We have an Armistice Day program at which Reverend Clyde F. Vance speaks.
- We close our football schedule in great style—for Trinity. Trinity-20, U. High-2.
- The juniors successfully pull off "Green Stockings". The cast frolics at the Alamo after the production.

#### **DECEMBER**

- 3 Thalian and Rostrum go at it again, and Thalian takes Rostrum into camp.
- 4 We become aware of Morris. Lose our opener, 28-19.
- 8 Freshmen inaugurate matinee dances.
  Home Planning class gives reception at home of Miss Annette Cooper.
- Unadilla girls entertain their girl friends at a "pot luck" supper.
  Athens goes on a rampage, 30-10. Ouch!
- 13 We enter the win column again. Mazon-9, U. High-27.
- Our jinks (Bill, Gas, Scotty, and Swede) go to Gibson City; so it's Gibson City-21, U. High-14.
- 19 We are dismissed to wait for Santa.

#### **JANUARY**

- We all come back full of Christmas candy and wearing our new jewelry.
- 9 We nearly overhaul the touted Saints, but Trinity comes out on top, 13-9.
- We are greatly grieved at the passing of our dear friend and fellow-classmate, Eleanor Whitehouse.
- 16 Athens finds our boys have improved. In print it looks like this: 25-18, our favor.
- 17 A few go to see Decatur's box car, but the Reds win, 18 to 8.
- Hey! Hay! It took a whole overtime to down Bloomington. What a game! Just ask Scotty. 20 to 18.
- 23 The seniors sponsor a matinee dance.

- First, second, third, and fourth teams put up a sturdy battle in the Old Castle. Cooksville-5, U. High-55.
- 30 13-7, Mt. Pulaski's favor. What could you expect—our jinks went along again.
- We give State Champion Decatur Reds a scare. Decatur-14, U. High-12.

#### FEBRUARY

- 6 Normal takes us by a 21-14 score. We must have been off form.
- Unadilla steps out again. This time dinner is served at the Y. W. C. A. for the girls and their boy friends. Our faithful supporters, all twenty, turn out to see Trinity win, 21-14.
- 20 Again we show Mazon what it's all about. This time 35-18.
- We surprise Normal by a 33 to 22 count. But then, they say they can beat us any time. We'll see.
- Our regular schedule closes with a win over Mt. Pulaski. It was 25 to 18 this time. Quite different.

#### MARCH

- 4 Guess they didn't want to. We eliminate the Sudduth Roadsters from the District. Normal-29, U. High-30.
- 6 We advance a step. U. High-26, Lexington-18.
- 7 Downs is spilled in the afternoon by a 20-17 count. And then we win the tourney from Bloomington, 21-14. Whoopee!
- We hold special assembly to present the District Tournament trophy and give the fellows a good start to the Sectional.
- Biggest crowd of the season goes to Springfield Sectional. Petersbury-18, U. High-28.
- 13 The boys become superstitious, as it is Friday. Spring-field ends our winning streak, 27-21.
- 14 The boys come home. Happy days are here again.
- 17 Senior Class presents "It Never Rains". It's a great success, and the cast frolics into the wee, sma' hours.

#### APRIL

- Basketball boys hold their banquet. They elect Truman Sage captain for the coming year.
  Odeon society gives a matinee dance.
  U. High loses the opening track meet of the season to Forrest, 57-69.
- We gain some points on Mackinaw and take the meet, 75-54.
- The baseball team gets off on the right foot, and Ben Funk suffers to the tune of 16-3.
- 17 The track team attends the Atlanta Relays.
- 18 The Senior Class holds a party in the Old Castle.
- 21 The Bloomington High baseball nine is subdued to the count of 9-5.
- 25 Streator upsets things by making this baseball game their victory—Streator-23, U. High-2.
- Normal High is taken down another notch when our li'l ole track teams stops them, 53½-48½.
- 28 Then they get revenge and their ball club turns U. High by a 6-4 score.
- 30 But there the fellows regain their stride and win from Stanford 5-0.

#### MAY

- We place third in the County Track Meet by virtue of 19½ points.

  Unadilla girls give a May Day party at the home of Hildred Peters in Bloomington.
- 2 Ben Funk proves an easy foe and the baseball team has its own way. U. High-31, Ben Funk-2.

Many more pleasant things will happen in the near future, but as this book goes to press we can only name a few. Some of them are Junior-Senior banquet, Thalian banquet, Rostrum banquet, Odeon banquet, and last but not least, graduation.

## "Murder Will Out."

'Slug' Saunders was in a dilemna. He had just come to the conclusion that there is always an end to a gangster's career. And in all the years that he had been in the 'racket' he had always noticed that the end wasn't just a natural death.

Now, just when he was wishing that he could break away from the gang and 'go straight', the 'Chief' had given him orders to put Tony Savanoni, alias 'Weasel', 'on the spot'. He didn't know what to do. If he failed to obey orders he knew what would happen. They'd 'get him' somehow, no matter where he went. And he had a feeling that he would be caught if he did shoot Tony.

His name was becoming entirely too well known among the police. They had almost got him in that last raid. Now they had somehow procured a photograph of him, and pictures of himself stared him in the face from telephone poles and buildings as he walked down the street. Under each glaring likeness was printed the amount of the reward—a neat fortune—to any one capturing him dead or alive. Consequently he had to disguise himself before he dared venture out.

While 'Slug' had been thinking about all this, he had been walking rapidly down the street. Not that he was in a hurry, but walking fast seemed to help him think better. As he was hurrying past a vacant building, he glanced up and saw two men coming out upon the street a short distance ahead. He recognized them instantly. They were 'Weasel' and 'Shiverin' Smith', both members of the McGann gang.

The men were facing the opposite side of the street; so they didn't see 'Slug', who had an excellent chance to put a bullet in 'Weasel's' side. But 'Slug' didn't care to meet them yet because he hadn't decided what to do. He dodged into the vacant building, ran to a window, and since it had a frosted glass pane in it, raised it about an inch. This was enough to see through—and shoot through, too—if necessary. The men had reached the sidewalk by this time and were about to turn. But a sharp crack rent the air. 'Shiverin' Smith' fell in a heap, and 'Weasel' ran down the street amidst a hail of bullets.

'Slug' knew immediately what had happened. It was the Spumoni gang and 'Slug' hoped they would do his work for him. But no, 'Weasel' got safely down the street and finally took refuge in the alley that separated the vacant building which 'Slug' occupied from the one next to it. He was safe from the gang but only a few feet from 'Slug'.

'Slug' saw his chance. He would obey the 'Chief's' orders. Quickly screwing the silencer on his gun, he cautiously shoved it through the crack and pressed the trigger. 'Weasel' crumpled and fell flat on his face, and no one had heard 'Slug' shoot.

"Now to get out," thought 'Slug'. He couldn't go out the way he had entered because the Spumoni gang were out there raining bullets at the alley,

and then there would probably be a curious crowd gathering. He would have to find another way out.

Just then the shooting stopped and he heard whistles and the sound of hurrying feet. "The 'Picks'", muttered 'Slug'. The police were gathering from all directions, and 'Slug' knew he couldn't get out now.

Since the 'Weasel' had fallen on his face and the bullet had entered his side, it was easy to see that the shot must have come from the vacant building. Then the police spied the window that 'Slug' had raised a little.

He was soon on his way 'up the river'. Too late he had wished that he might 'go straight'.

S. S., '32

### The Rain

For such a deed the night was perfect. The drizzle turned into a mist which enveloped the city. I was so certain that London would be entirely destroyed that I was paralyzed with the thought of it. I had always trusted Liebstiech, but now I thought him a madman. Yes, mad!... The rain was falling when I uncovered in my own mind that he and his fowl companion were plotting.... And again the rain fell as I contemplated their base actions.

It was on one of my afternoon strolls that I had met Liebstiech. I was walking down Bradstreet Way, and as I crossed Piccadilly Road I was well nigh run down by a rapidly moving hansom. The occupant immediately expostulated with the driver and covered me with profuse apologies.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you will pardon such reckless driving by my cabby here, I hope."

I noticed a German accent, but still he seemed a likeable fellow.

"Can't I take you down town?" he continued.

I accepted with pleasure, as I had had enough of walking that day. I learned that he was high in rank in the English forces in France. He had come into England about ten years ago, enlisted in the army, and now was a major of an artillery group at Mortencieux. He had a leave of absence and was home on secret business. We dined at the club that night, and we saw each other frequently after that.

One rainy night as I was returning a book to the library, through the mist I perceived two shadowy figures crouching under a street lamp which gave a sallow, blurred light. A sharp pang struck me as I recognized one of them.

"Get this, now, Reuben," he muttered, "The Government isn't paying us for nothing." Liebstiech's voice was very harsh and guttural. He went on, "It'll pay you well to keep still."

"Yes. Now get this. Tomorrow night at 11:30 meet me here. It only takes two for the job. The gas will be ready. Steinbaum said it would. The valves are in good shape, and when we let go the town won't know the difference. Tomorrow night, 11:30."

Liebstiech went down the alleyway and Reuben hailed a hansom. I couldn't move. Upon first sight of them I had stepped into an area, and there I heard all without realizing the significance of their words. But now the horrible truth struck me. I dashed home through the rain, my brain in a whirl. Not until I was in my armchair did I dare think, and hardly then. The German Government paying Liebsteich and his colleague to destroy London! What a base plan! Tomorrow night, 11:30. That's what he said. Only that night I had read of the deadly gases being perfected. And the fumes would spread so that all London would be dead in three minutes. But how would the two madmen get out? Were they sacrificing themselves for Germany? Liebstiech, yes, German. Could it be I was the only one who knew of this mad trick? The whole responsibility on my hands! Should I tell the police? No, there was no proof. I must wait and do my part alone.

Again it was raining. The night was perfect for their beastly crime. Eleven o'clock. I waited. Eleven-twenty. Still no sign. Eleven-thirty, the dot. I was in the same area as before. A hansom drove up—Reuben. There was a light half way down, and there he went in. My gun was ready, and I determined to make them stop or kill them both. As I cautiously looked in, I saw Liebstiech at a large wheel. The valve!

"We can get out in two minutes," he said. What? They intended to get out in two minutes, out of London.

"Let 'er go," cried Reuben.

"Stop!" I yelled. "For the love of God, stop!" I was in a fit.

"Are you crazy?" screamed Liebstiech.

"Madmen!" I shrieked. Several men were holding me, but I fired two useless shots into the air.

"Let me explain," said Liebstiech in a quiet tone. "I think I understand you, Newberry; but if you swear not to repeat, I'll tell you."

"The English Government is dispatching me and my friend Reuben to Paris by balloon; and since we are closely watched, we wished to embark secretly. There is no time to lose; adieu."

Humbly I wished them a good voyage. Then I went out into the dreary rain.

R. W., '32

# A Night Raid

(A true experience of my great grandparents)

"I'm going down to the big meeting now. Don't sit up and wait for me."

"Don't go, John. You know what all the folks have said. Let's go up to Illinois and stay with Mother until this is over with."

"No! I tell you I'm not going to leave this town. I can defend my views if I like. Anyway, they won't try anything right here in town."

"But we're not 'right here in town'! We are half a mile from the nearest neighbor."

"That meeting starts at eight o'clock, and it's seven now. I'm going.
I'll take Old Bess and the buggy. Don't wait up for me."

"All right. Go if you must, but you know how strong the feeling is now. Those pro-slavery men will do almost anything!"

"They won't try anything on me, I tell you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, John."

The door slammed shut, and soon Mrs. Johnson heard the buggy bounce out through the gateway and go down the road.

This was just before the Civil War, when there was much controversy over the slavery question. In St. Louis, where slavery sympathizers were in the majority, the anti-slavery men of the town usually kept their views secret. Mr. Johnson, or John as we know him, was a very outspoken man. He had, at several meetings, openly voiced his denunciation of slavery. Every one knew which side of the question he stood for, and the slavery supporters had a decided dislike for him.

There had been several quarrels, and the pro-slavery men had abducted a few of the most violent speakers from the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Johnson had been repeatedly warned by his friends to leave the city before the anger of the pro-slavery men was turned against him, but he had ignored their warnings and resolutely remained in town.

When Mrs. Johnson could no longer hear the buggy, she got the family Bible and sat down before the fire. She read a short while and then went to sleep.

She awoke with a start. "Eight—nine—ten. Ten o'clock. I think I'll go to bed. John may not be home until after midnight."

Getting up from her chair, she replaced the Bible and went into the dining room. She carefully spread the cloth and laid out the silver for two persons.

While doing this she thought she heard a noise in the barn. She listened carefully, but it was not repeated. She took up the lamp and went into the kitchen.

Again she heard the noise. It sounded as if several persons were walking toward the house from the barn.

"They've come for John-\_\_."

She blew out the lamp and quietly went to the rear door and bolted it.

The footsteps came up to the back porch, stopped, and then began a circuit of the house. She went to the front door and bolted it. The footsteps had gone completely around the house now. They stopped for several minutes.

She again sat down in her chair before the fire, tight-lipped and tense. "I do wish John had heeded the warnings. We could be in Illinois now, out of danger. I wish I could warn him."

The footsteps had been pacing slowly around the house for hours, it seemed to her. Now there came a clumping on the steps.

"They're coming in!"

The clumping continued up the steps to the door. Then came several bumps which did not sound at all like ordinary knocks.

"If I don't open the door they will break in. Anyway, they want John, not me, and possibly I may get them to go away before he returns."

"Who's there?" her voice trembled.

No answer. She slid back the bolts.

"Who's there?" her voice firmer now.

Still no answer. She opened the door a crack and peered into the darkness. No one was there.

She pushed the door wide open.

"M-o-o-o-o-h!"

There stood the family cow, which had broken loose and come up to the house for a drink.

G. B., '31

## Behind a Mask

At a party, every one is jolly and gay. Of course I appear happy too. I laugh with the crowd. I dance madly as if nothing else mattered. After the dance a little punch is refreshing. While drinking I talk in jokes, keeping those around me filled with constant laughter.

At a school game I cheer and shout above the roar of voices. I laugh, sing, and talk until my friends remark how sweet my life must be. Again I am with the spirit of the crowd.

But at home I am different. There I have time to think. Sometimes I think of games, of dances, of walks and rides. Then a smile flickers across my face as I think of how well I am playing the part. Down in my heart I am melancholy. Then my face relaxes, there is no trace of joy. It seems that my spirit sinks. Alone, I dream of some one dear to me, some one

far away. No matter how I try, tears find their way to my eyes and stream down my face. I cannot hide the truth from myself.

Br-r-rr-—the door-bell. With a sigh I rise, wipe the tears away, and powder away all traces of feeling. I stop before the mirror and smile at myself. Then, with a toss of my head and a forced, broad smile, I hurriedly get my coat and join the happy youths waiting at my door. Again I play my part, behind a mask.

J. B., '32.

## All in the Game

Crash!———Bang!

"Say, how can a guy keep from being caught, with you making so much noise?" whispered an angry voice that seemed to come from a dark corner.

"Aw, pipe down, yourself. How can I help it when you grab the best and I have to take what's left, and find it in the dark at that?"

"Well! If I had been at this game as long as you have, it wouldn't take me long to find what I was after."

Soon another clatter was heard. "Was that you?"

"No! I supposed it was you trying to give us away again."

"Well, some one else is in this room besides you and me. It's about time we were beatin' it out of here."

A small figure was seen stealing into the room, turning back to see if any one was looking. Soon the figure gave a long, low whistle. At this another figure dashed in, closed the door, and began to feel his way around.

After the new comers had satisfied themselves that there was nothing there, they departed quickly.

"Golly! it sure is getting hot around here. Why, I'm even afraid to take a good deep breath; but if nothing happens for a while we can run and get out without being caught."

"Yeh, but I'm afraid we'll never get out. Oh, why did we think of such a thing in the first place? We might have known we could never get by with it."

Suddenly a loud cry was heard from a distance. Both boys crouched quiet, waiting. Again the cry, this time the voice calling, "Ollie, ollie, oxen free." And by this they knew that they had not been found, and were to of a tottering cupboard, and dashed to base, elated over their success in concealing their hiding place.

V. N., '31.

# The Ballad of The Flivver

Fair Ellen dwelt within a town—
A modern town indeed—
And Ellen was a modern maid
The villagers all agreed.

Fair Ellen's parents wanted her
To wed a wealthy youth—
In fact demanded it, if one
Must tell the awful truth.

Now Ellen had a will, and thought That there must be a way; She called her true love then to her And unto him did say:

"Alfonso, dear, my parents stern Demand I marry Bill; And oh, the very thought of it Makes me extremely ill.

"Alfonso dear, what can you do
To thwart this dreadful fate?
The date is set, the guests are bid;
No longer must we wait!"

Alfonso scratched his head awhile, Then slowly he replied, "Dear Ellen, listen to my plan— You shall not be his bride!"

The wedding day dawned bright and clear,
The wedding feast was spread,
The minister and guests arrived—
A goodly crowd, 'tis said.

The hour drew near, the chimes rang out,
The wedding march peeled loud,
The bridegroom waited at the church.
With all the festal crowd.

"Delay! Delay! Where is the bride?"
The guests began to stir.
"Has any one seen Ellen fair?
What has become of her?"

At last her father found a note
Pinned on her chamber door:
"Alfonso's flivver filled the bill—
I'm his forever more."

So Ellen fled Alfonso's bride— In mild haste she fled. Bill married then another maid. He's happy now, 'tis said.

Alfonso, Ellen, and the Ford,
Are happy too, I hear.
As they fooled every one concerned,
That's not exactly clear.

A Ford for an elopement is

The very modern way.

"Well, Ellen was a modern girl,"

The villagers all say.

J. P., '31

## Night Prowlers

"Time to go to bed," came a voice from the living room. "It's ten o'clock."

Jack and Mary jumped up, went to the kitchen, and got a drink.

"O boy! You ought to hear this hot dance music from WLS!" exclaimed Frank, who was listening over the radio. "I'll be upstairs as soon as this jazz runs out."

But the jazz did not expire, and Frank fell asleep.

"Hey, Frank! Come right on up to bed," called out Mr. Holbe half an hour later.

"All right, I'll be there as soon as I get a drink," answered Frank, waking from his slumber.

In a few minutes all were sleeping quietly. Nothing woke Mr. Holbe out of his peaceful snoring until midnight, when Mrs. Holbe softly whispered in his ear, "Jim, Jim, wake up! I hear burglars down stairs."

Mr. Holbe got out of bed, drew his 38 colt from under his pillow, and tip-toed downstairs. Sure enough, the talking came from the dining room, where the silver was kept. Mr. Holbe stopped. He listened for a while. Distinctly he heard a clinking of silver. He could hardly make out what the robbers were saving, but the words that he caught proved that they were stealing the silverware. He flashed a light into the room.

"Stick 'em up!" he commanded.

Just then a voice came, "Station WLS broadcasting a fake robbery." W. B., '32

## Found and Lost

The next thing I knew, after I had fallen into the dust with a bullet through my left shoulder, I was lying in a white bed in a place that I learned later was an old French mansion used as a hospital. I was quite out of my head, it seemed, because everything was dim and mixed up. My shoulder pained me terribly, my head ached, and I was very warm and cold in turns.

After a while I became more conscious of the things around me. and I noticed a bed next to mine had a man lying in it. He was pale and thin, and looked very ill. It made me feel bad to look at his thin, drawn face. I tried to reach over and touch him to let him know that I felt sorry for him, but I was unable to move either arm, as I was strapped to the bed. Then I thought perhaps if I smiled and looked better, maybe it would cheer him up a bit. I forced a smile, and noticed that he, too, smiled in turn and looked much better. I tried to speak, but I was so utterly weak that I could not make a sound.

Finally a nurse came in, and smilingly she removed the straps which held me down. This relieved me greatly, and after the nurse had left I turned toward my newly found friend and saw him smiling back at me. I decided that I would feel much better if I could shake his hand, as he looked eager to become acquainted. With much labor I extended my hand slowly toward him, and I noticed that he understood my plan and was also extending his hand to grasp mine. As I thrust my hand across the remaining space between our beds, I suddenly struck a hard substance, cold and invisible. I felt all around and then realized the truth. It was a mirror.

J. H., '32

# Ballad of the Streator Game

As the clock struck three, we left, you see, That place called U-H-S. And clambered aboard an ancient Dodge, And never once did rest.

We rolled and rocked and bumped and jumped, Till it seemed she would hardly run,— But ere we came to Streator town, We found trouble had just begun.

A tire went flat and there we sat, For pliers we had none; But to a Shell gasoline station Our footsteps soon were won.

The proprietor, a portly man, Greeted us at the door. He must have weighed two hundred pounds, And then some fifty more.

But soon, however, the tire we fixed And started on our way.
We stopped to get a bite to eat,
But none could get, I say.

And when we got out to the gym Most of the team had dressed; But we our weary bones laid down To gain a little rest.

Then out to the field the old Dodge sped
As fast as she could go.
Right soon we saw a giant sign
Which said, "Oh, please, go slow!"

By the side of the road we did park the bus, And entered the field on foot; Our hands and faces were black as coal, Or at least as black as soot.

Eleven bonny Green and Gold Warriors dashed out upon the field; But there was also a great red team, Who said they'd never yield.

The whistle blew, the game was on— The slaughter had begun; And though U-Hi did always fight, Old Streator had it won.

Right valiantly our boys did fight— Wee Willie, John, and Herb; Bill Quinn, and Captain Rader, too, Were more often seen than heard.

But Pope, ah, such a sad, sad thing— There was no stopping him; And though right fearlessly we fought, He had more vigor and vim.

Twice in the first half they did score
During the battle that night.
We too would have scored but for a bad break
On a pass to Johnny White.

The pass was thrown by our quarter-back— Herb. Adams was his name. Pontiac, El Paso, and Streator Do still ring with his fame.

But then we lost the ball—ah, me,
A touchdown was in sight.
But now that they did have the ball
Things didn't look so bright.

19==31

The second half it was a rout—
Via the air they scored,
Until Ken Fuller looked as though
He had been hit by a board.

Quickly they scored three times that half, And then U-Hi awoke Just as some slaving monster man Who has thrown off his yoke.

"Nine-ninety-nine," the signals were called.
'Twas a pass from Adams to White,
And Johnny grabbed it from the air
And ran with all his might.

"Touchdown!" U-Hi had scored!
Our fans (all three) went mad,
And when we made the extra point
The Streator fans grew sad.

The gun went off when we were close
To scoring points once more—
So back we went unto the gym
All feeling pretty sore.

Howe'er, our spirits soon did rise
As all the boys got dressed,
Because our coach with lots of "dough"
By Streator had been blessed.

To the Green Tree Inn we then progressed, And, boy, how we did eat! Some fish for John and Fred and Paul, But all the rest had meat.

"Please quiet down," the owner said,
Or else you'll not be served.
Thus many who were raising cain
From some of their fun were swerved.

We finished soon, the bill was paid,
And we were on our way.
But though in a Dodge I did go up,
I returned in a Chevrolet.

We really made some speed.

Ah, that before it could have been used
In our great hour of need!

Wenona, Rutland, and El Paso
All soon went flying by.
And safe we came to dear old Normal
Ere the twinkling of an eye.

Now ye who laugh and mock our team Take warning now from me. Since neither also can you play, Why think thou cans't not we?

C. S., '31

# The Irony of Fate

Dick slides into his seat as the bell rings
And prepares himself to work,
But, alas! A vague inspiration
Leads him his task to shirk.

His eyes wander round the room
And rest on the girl before him.
Yes, surely his eyes don't deceive—
She wears a sash all neat and trim.

He thrusts his arm cautiously forward
And jerks at the dangling end,
Then quickly he's back at his tiresome task
(How easy it is to pretend!)

The girl partly turns in her seat
And gives him a withering glance.
Poor girl! How little she knows
Of her sorry circumstance.

But one little thing is hardly enough
For this energetic young man;
Once more he raises his innocent head
Once more the classroom to scan.

His eyes light on the teacher,
Who stands with averted face;
His aim is sure and steady
As he measures the time and space.

From the improvised sling the paper-wad sails,
As quick and straight as a die.
Fate plays its part; she suddenly turns,
And it strikes her above the eye.

Then quickly he turns back to his work,
But finds that she isn't so dumb—
Her eyes are glued on that half-concealed band,
And he knows that his time has come!

R. H. S., '33

# Autobiography of a Doormat

In the year nineteen hundred twenty-eight I first saw the light of day in a large factory. I was a nice, big, bristly door mat. My first experience in life came when I was taken to a counter of a large store and put on a pile with some other mats. I was the top one. One day a man came to the bald-headed clerk, who worked at my counter, and said something to him.

The clerk immediately picked me up and placed me on the counter by the customer, and the man took some money out of his pocket and gave to the clerk. I knew by their actions that I was being sold like a slave in the olden days.

I shouldn't have cared if I were getting some of the money, but to see that bald-headed clerk get it just about burned me up. I felt like flopping up and winding around him, but I controlled my temper for the time being, partly because I wasn't long enough to go around that fat old clerk twice, and partly because they rolled me up in some paper and tied a rope around me. Oh, but that rope hurt my stomach!

The man took me on a street car and placed me on the floor while he sat on a seat. It happened that he sat down by an old lady and she kept using me for a foot rest. My, but I was getting low in the world!

Finally the man picked me up and pushed a button that caused a buzzer to sound. The conductor stopped the car and we made our exit. The man took me to the steps of his house, and to my relief he cut the rope that was pinching my stomach. Then I was thrown down on the porch. From that day on until an hour ago people have been using me, or rather my hide, for sandpaper to clean the bottoms of their shoes, and now my hide is worn out.

I don't know where they got the idea, but I do know that when some of the boarders step on me after working hard all day digging ditches, it hurts worse than that rope did. At the present time I am sitting in the trash container along with some other rubbish, and I've been here for the last hour. Whee! Here comes the boy with some matches. Goodbye forever, folks! S. S., '32

## A Goose Egg

Just then, without a moment's warning, a man hit me on the head as I was descending the stairs to the cellar to get an apple.

I don't know how long it was before I regained consciousness, but when I came to I was in a car with three men, and as soon as they saw I was awake, they began talking to me.

"Yer one bo' we're goin' to bump off good," murmured one of the men, "and nuthin's goin' to stop us!"

"Yes, boy! and how!" chuckled another one. "At last we got yer. I tell yer, boys,' let's dump him in the river. Jim, drive out to the stream and let's get this over with."

I started to plead with them. "Listen, men," I whined, "I've a wife and children to make a living for."

"Shut up!" they cried.

When we arrived at the banks of the fatal river, they dragged me out of the car and made arrangements for the heave. They bound me and put an iron weight on me.

"All right, boys, heave, ho!"

Splash, bang!

"At last you've come to," cried my wife. "You were knocked so cold we finally had to duck you in a tub. You must have hit your head on the beam above the stairs. You've a bump as big as a goose egg!"

I looked up to find myself at the bottom of the stairs. "That was a nice little dream, anyhow," I said. "Well, I'll have to duck, after this, when I go down stairs."

N. P., '32.

## Who's Who

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I asked, not daring to unlock the door. My heart was thumping, for only a week before a man on the next farm had been murdered at this time of night.

I was the only one at home, and the clock chimed eleven to add to the chills racing up and down my spine. Not a weapon in the house, and again came the resounding thump, thump, thump on the oak door.

"I refuse to open the door until you tell me who you are," I managed to say in a half-quavering voice.

Thump, thump, thump, again broke forth on the night air. I looked frantically about for some possible weapon. There on the table lay the bread knife, which had not been put away since dinner. I grasped this, and turning towards the door I commanded the one outside again to speak; but only the thump, thump greeted my waiting ears. Pictures of bloody murders raced through my mind. Scenes of Jessie James' life. Bold midnight homicides after robberies. Suddenly, I rose from my half-crouching position, pulled all of my courage together, and approached the door, gripping the knife in readiness to strike. I swung the door open and braced myself for the attack.

Then Bruno, our shepherd dog, sauntered in and stretched himself before the blazing fireplace.

J. H., '32.

# Fireside Fancies

When the day's duties are finished, and twilight has suddenly dropped on the busy world, seeming to bring a hushed calm over one's spirits I like to sit curled up in my favorite chair, hidden from sight by its luxurious depths, and gaze dreamily into the fire that gleams across the hearth.

Fancies, I know, will never come true. 'Tis well, for were all my dreams granted it would be like the saying, "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

I have just buried myself in my favorite story. I am wondering how I should have acted if I had been in a runaway, or if my mother were like hers, when the flames I have been watching unconsciously, suddenly seem to become an individual, standing out in my mind in a most stupendous manner.

There is something fascinating in watching the flames in a fireplace reaching out their dazzling fiery fangs as if to ruin anything and everything within reach, and then to be seemingly swallowed up into ever-reaching space.

My mind drifts to witches, and I see each fiery symbol a witch shaking her finger at me, and with a fiendish grin seeming to say, "Watch out!"

But no longer are these flames witches. Each is a flounce or ruffle on my highly pictured, overly longed-for party dress, which of course is to be flame-colored chiffon, a most ravishing frock.

From one wild fancy to another my mind rapidly leaps, and now I find that each flounce, each ruffle, has in some mysterious way turned into horrible snakes' tongues in an African jungle. I feel the searching sun beating down on me, and I am surrounded by a tremendous cobra, ready to spring any minute, getting me into its terrible clutches.

Frightened at such thoughts, I bound out of my chair and with a terrible thud I come at last to my senses. Looking up, I find my brother glowering down at me with a most disgusted and annoyed expression; and to my surprise and dismay I find that while I have been soaring on wings of imagination he has been searching vainly for the evening paper, which I had unintentionally used as a cushion.

B. G., '32.

# When Words Didn't Count

One night my out-of-town guest and I decided we would go to the show. We didn't know what was on until we got there. Then we saw a large sign which read, "Lon Chaney in 'Midnight in London'." We had heard a great deal about this show, how spooky it was. But we decided to go in nevertheless.

It was a very good show, but on the way home we would look over our shoulders to see if anything was following us. When we arrived home we went to bed very quietly, and were soon sleeping very soundly. Suddenly I felt somebody jerk my shoulder. I awoke instantly. My friend did not need to tell me what he wanted, because I heard somebody downstairs.

We heard a voice say, "Hands up! Keep 'um up!" I was so frightened that I nearly jumped through the window.

Next we heard the rattling of silverware. Then came the mumbled words, "Come on! Get back from the door!"

By this time we were sitting up in bed. A whispered consultation ended in our decision to go downstairs and see who the intruder was. We got out of bed trembling. I opened the door quietly, although to us it seemed as if it creaked terribly. We stole down the stairs and stopped at the bottom so we could listen. But hearing nothing, we went into one room, then to the next. We finally got up courage to turn on the light. But still we heard or saw no one. Then suddenly we heard somebody say, "Hands up! Come on!" It was old Polly, the pet parrot.

T. S., '32

## The Fair Quartet

There is a quartet of pretty young blondes,
Who have never gone swimming in small ponds.
Two of them are Gerry and Jo,
Each of whom has more than one beau.
The other two are sisters fair—
Martha the younger and Mary Elise.
They have of the four the lighter hair,
So abundant that their ears won't freeze.
This quartet will never be broken apart,
Unless some boy doth steal one's heart.

## Our French Class

We have the best French class in town,
One taught by little Miss Brown,
Supervised by tall Miss Ellis,
Who never is mean, harsh, or jealous.
Her pupils are Margot and Georgette,
Slenri, Rene, George, and Jeanette,
Jeanne, Marie, Srene, and Nannette,
Who look as if they were made of granite.
Last but not least is Lucienne,
Who is always present, sun or rain.

It won't be long until the hour's over,
And not long around the room we hover.
Unto the study hall we dash,
And down up the desk our books we smash.
The seventh hour begins with a rush,
And over the study hall there is a hush.
Then we try to get to-morrow's French.
Now the hour we find is over—
And it was not such a terrible bore;
But the next day when we get to Miss Brown
Without our lessons and wearing a grin,
She will say, "I thought this was the best class
In the whole big town of—Yuton."

H. A., '31

## Faces

What fun it is to study faces! There are many kinds of faces and many different expressions, showing one's feelings and often one's character. Saturday night, while sitting in a car parked on a main street of town, one has an excellent opportunity to watch faces.

Oh, look at this man with an armload of groceries. He seems worried. I wonder why. Perhaps he doesn't know from where the money for the next groceries is coming. He'd better hold his head up or he'll bump into some one.

This girl looks bored. She appears to be wondering why she ever came down town. Oh, what caused her face to light up so? I see now. There comes a girl who is waving to her. They greet each other joyfully and walk off arm in arm, laughing and talking.

What is that man looking for? I don't think I'd like him—he looks too cross. His face breaks into a cruel smile as if to sav, "Aha, I've found you," and he walks swiftly away. Here he comes back, dragging a little boy after him. I feel sorry for the boy. I'd run away from that man, too.

Such a good-looking couple! I wonder where they are going. They seem happy. Her face is wreathed in smiles as she listens to him. Perhaps he is complimenting her, for she blushes slightly as he looks adoringly at her.

That looks like a happy group. They must be going to the skating rink, for they are carrying skates. See the little girl standing alone! She looks wistfully after them. She wants to go with them, but she has no skates; and besides, she must watch her little brother. Yes, she turns back to him just as he starts into the street.

There goes the busy shop girl. She must hasten back to her place after a hurried bite of supper. Oh, how tired she looks! But soon work will be over, and she can go home.

That man's having a hard time reading something on a small card in his hand. He may be wondering why wives can't write their lists more clearly or else do their own errands. See, the frown leaves his face! He's discovered what was written on the card. There he goes hurrying on to finish his errands.

There must be a game tonight, for here come a group of high-school boys and girls waving banners and ribbons. They are all laughing and talking gaily. They appear to be prepared for a good time, and I judge that they'll get it.

See that woman hurrying by. She looks worn out. What attractive little girls are following her! They are teasing her to stop and look at this or to buy that until she is exhausted trying to persuade them to follow her. In spite of their teasing she goes resolutely on.

That man has something to do and is going to do it. His face shows his determination.

What a contrast to the first man is this man who comes next. He is slouching aimlessly along with a blank look on his face. He appears to have nothing better to do.

What a striking appearance this woman has. She has a satisfied expression on her face. She must be through her shopping. Yes, she is. She comes and gets into the car. It is Mother; so I must end my study and drive her home.

E. N., '32.

## U. High Spirit of Today

Jo and Helen entered the McCormick gym on the night of the Normal High-U. High basketball game.

"Say, Jo, where's everybody?"

"Why, I don't know. Maybe the game was scheduled for eight instead of seven-thirty. There are not thirty here yet, and it's already seven-thirty."

This was the conversation overheard as two alumnae of U. High entered the gym.

"Helen, there's Jimmie. Let's ask him."

"Hello, Jimmie. Gee, it's been ages since I've seen you," exclaimed Helen and Jo in a chorus.

"Howdy, Jo and Helen. How come you're here?" welcomed Jim.

"You see, Dad and Mother are at Aunt Lou's, and on our trip to the South we intend to stay here three days. It so happened that we were able to attend this game," explained Jo. "Lucky, I wish I were going South," sighed Jim.

"When does the game begin, Jim?" questioned Helen.

"The regular game begins at seven-thirty. Why?" responded Jim.

"Is this all that come to U. High games now?" questioned Jo.

"The average attendance is about sixty, and one-third of them are late," responded Jim.

"Remember when we were in high school? Almost every one came to games. We got to them early too, and gave them a send-off and let them know we were backing them up. Look at U. High now. About sixty at a game, pepless yelling, no spirit at all. What an attitude for a school to take!"

This severe criticism came from Jo.

"Look at those girls! They's afraid to yell. They might spoil their dignity. Eating candy and talking from the first of the game until the final gun!" exclaimed Helen.

"All that half of them come for is the date afterward. They hardly watch the game at all," said Jim.

At last the game began and the three became silent. At the quarter the game was four to five, U. High's favor.

"Gee, that was thrilling. Watching old U. High again is great!" exclaimed excited Jo.

"They have a dandy bunch of fellows," remarked Jim, "but how the students back them up! They work hard, then a few freshmen and very few upperclassmen yell a little for them. What a school spirit!"

A. M., '32.

## Exams

Exams! Exams! I wonder who ever thought of such terrible things. It gives one a heavy shock to hear the teacher announce that there is going to be an ordeal of that kind the next day.

I have been expecting the word "exam" for the past month, but when it comes I shiver and shake at the thought of it. Some one will probably get one hundred, but not I. I ask some of the students if they are taking their books home and they say no. Then I wonder how they could have got everything out of that book into the region of their heads called brains.

I start for home with my book under my arm. I go about two blocks and whom should I meet but an old schoolmate. She wants me to go to the basketball game tonight. I tell her I can't, I have an "exam" tomorrow. But I can hardly resist the temptation of saying that I will go.

When I get home and eat lunch I sit down to study, but I can only stare at each page as I turn them one after another. I should have learned all this long ago, but I tried just to "get by". I sit dreaming of some of the good times that we had today, then suddenly I hear the clock in the hall strike twelve. Mamma calls down stairs and says it is time for me to go to bed.

I take a last glance at the good knowledge of the book and hurry off to bed, only to dream of the exam. I know nothing except the answer to the last question. I try to pump some suggestions out of the teacher without any results. I try on all the questions, but I know that only the last one will be accepted. I hear the bell ring. I awake suddenly to find that the clock is striking seven. Some one is calling for me to get up.

I hurry off to school. At last the fatal hour arrives. Then I find that my dream really comes true. When I leave class as the last bell rings, I am glad—yes, indeed glad—that the exam is over, even though I did not pass.

My last wish will be that I shall not have to take an examination to enter into the City of Gold; if so, I hope that it will not be so difficult as these monthly exams.

G. H., '32

# Vanity

Vanity is a useless thing. It does not further one's interest, it does not compel admiration, it does not indicate good breeding. Vanity is a result of too much self-interest. One may take pride in one's appearance, in one's achievements, or in one's connections. But vanity is not included in pride. There is no excuse for vanity on any grounds.

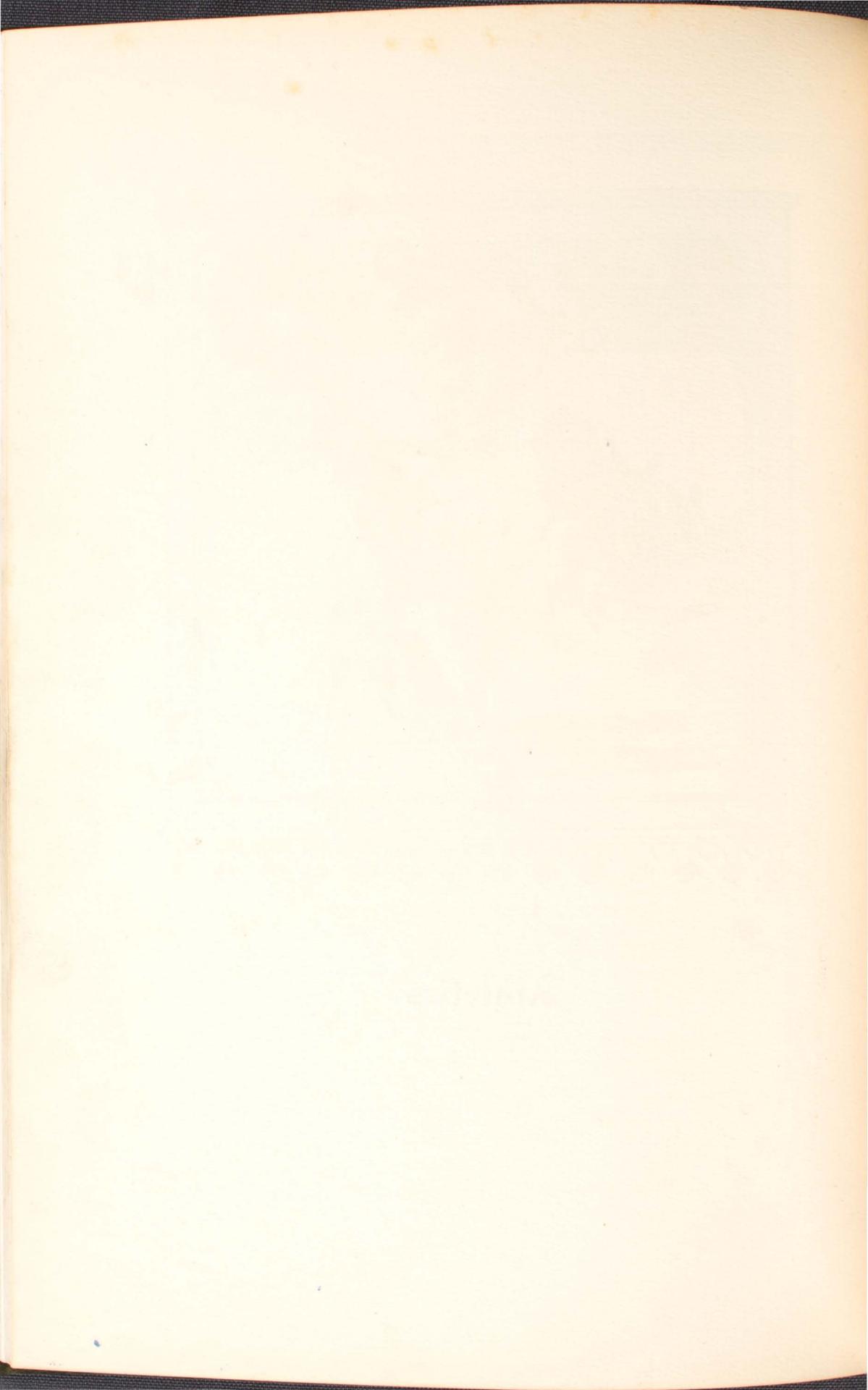
We all know it is a drawback to any one's character. No one wishes to cultivate it, yet it pops up unawares sometimes. Probably all of us have at some time been caught at the mirror, primping that last tiny second. How we blush to think of it. Vanity! In us! I venture to say that not one person can deny that he has caught himself at some time with a complacent smirk upon his face when the realization of his superiority in some matter suddenly comes to him. Again, the burning shame of it. At worst, however, it is a fault of which most of us are aware, and if we correct ourselves each time it rears its ugly head, we will soon be rid of it. Vanity. Toss it out the window.

M. B., '32

(The essay above won a High School Pantagraph prize for the best essay of the week.)



Athletics



Dear Maryfern, . Curses, a Seriar (almost/ 'n can't even ssell your name. Isn't it awful? Something, a law or something, should be passed. Shall we debate It in Thalian? Lee we've seure had fun in Thalian this year and you you ble reprobate, went and won that debate on the League of natio Birls ember? Well wellsette G. A. A. Wouldn't you go and acquire Il health Athletics yes, you would! See, we ve been in lotsa classes, hereit we? Chemistry! Oi gavoitte. If I ever get through that lit le be bre of. me pleasantest memories, hat's the way I like such things, as nemories! Istit unanimous. Hey, bley, I'll have to cut any more words like that out. I can't sysell em. Oh and "Green Stockings"! Them were the days ain't it so? Tok, tok. Quit Ida you certainly took the play. But how could you help it! I wish you lits I success in dramatics in the future! you'll travel for that way and you have my long ratulations for your Stalent. Heck, there sont good triend! see well here's to a darn





## **6**. **A**. **A**.

The Girls Athletic Association, under the leadership of Miss Brown, enjoyed a very successful year. Baseball and tennis were participated in by many of the freshmen as well as the upper classmen. The spring banquet, held at the Methodist church, was well attended. At this time the various awards were given. Much of the success of the organization is due to our capable president, Maurine Blum, and to our sponsor, Miss Brown.

## **OFFICERS**

Maurine Blum	President
Barbara Turner	Vice-president
Alice McGuire	Secretary
Mary Barger	Treasurer





## Orchesis

Orchesis Dancing Society started in Illinois State Normal University in 1927. It is a society for girls who desire to further their knowledge in interpretive dancing. They have passed a very successful year, including the rectial given in March and the usual festival at commencement time. Much of the success of the society is due to the ability of the sponsor, Miss Lakin. The high school girls who belong to Orchesis are

Alice McGuire Mary Fern Martin Grace Terwilliger Marjorie Martin Catherine Thomson Vivienne Vincent Maurine Blum Ruthe Watson Miriam Coen



## Girls Basketball

During the past basketball season, twenty-eight girls participated. At the first practice there were only six girls present; before the close of the season, however, this number had been increased by twenty-two.

On Thursday, February twenty-sixth, eleven of the basketball girls, who had been out at least four weeks, entered the Illinois League of High School Girls Athletic Association Telegraphic Basket Shooting Tournament. The entrants were Mary Louise Barger, Helen Basting, Marjorie





Basting, Eleanor Coen, Mariada Duesing, Ruth Farnham, Esther Graves, Renee Harper, Alberta Hinthorne, Emily Norton, and Lilith Southgate.

To take part in the Tournament the entrants could not be failing in any subjects and must have been out to practice at least eight times. At least half of the G. A. A. members out for basketball must take part in the Tournament. Such a plan gives not only the stars of the school a chance, but also some of the others. There must be more than ten but less than thirty participating in the Tournament. The contestants were given twenty-four trials in which to make the eight baskets.

For the last two years the girls of U. High had taken first place. This

year they took fourth place.

Part of the credit for success in the Tournament goes to the Freshmen team; part to the coach, Miss Mann. The girls had a very good team, which they should try very hard to keep intact next year. If there were more girls in U. High such as Margaret Sage, Renee Harper, Eleanor Coen, Alice Beyer, U. High could have several good basketball teams.

The girls who were chosen on the varsity team were Mary Louise Barger, Alice Beyer, Mary Carver, Eleanor Coen, Elsa Graves, Esther Graves, Renee Harper, and Margaret Sage. Mary Carver served as Manager.

## Soccer

During the fall term there were forty-eight girls out for soccer.

The first few weeks rules and instructions of the game were given.

After eight weeks of practice a team organized as the Rinkeydinks entered the I. S. N. U. Intra-Mural Soccer Tournament, in which eight teams were participating. The members of the Rinkeydink team and positions were as follows:

Elsa Graves	_center forward
Renee Harper	right inner
Eleanor Coen	left inner
Margaret Sage	right wing
Fern Riley	left wing
Nellie Tinslev	center half
Anabelle Innis	right half
Dorothy Riley	left half
Mary Carver	right full
Esther Graves	left full
Grace Terwilleger	
ollowing girls served as substitutes:	

The following girls served as substitutes:

----left inner Mariada Duesing\_\_\_\_\_ Dorothy Anderson

The Rinkeydinks won seven out of eight games, tying with the Red Hots of I. S. N. U. for first place. In the championship game, which was played on Monday, December 5, the Red Hots won with a score of two to one, giving the Rinkeydinks second place.

E. G., '32.

## Hockey

This year hockey has been more successful than ever before.

almost every practice there were two full teams, twenty-two girls.

During the first week of school a hockey pep meeting was held, and the twenty-two new hockey clubs which G. A. A. had bought were sandpapered and prepared for oiling. At this meeting many freshmen were present, and Miss Brown and some of the upper-class girls told interesting things about hockey.

Later in the first month the Women's Athletic Association of I. S.

N. U. gave us some red and green flannel jackets to be used in designating the teams. These were greatly appreciated.

It has always been a custom to have the head of a sport co-operate with Miss Brown in selecting a varsity team. This year the team was composed of Jeanne Parret, Barbara Turner, Julia Blum, Elsa Graves, Fern Riley, Margaret Sage, Alice Beyer, Helen Basting, Eleanor Coen, Renee Harper, and Mary Carver.

Throughout the term games were played between teams composed of members of two classes. For instance, a Freshman-Senior team played the Junior-Sophomore team. It is believed that this year more skilled players were developed than ever before, and it is hoped that this sport may become even more popular in coming years.

Miss Brown was the instructor of the group and Julia Blum was Head of Hockey.

### Tennis

Tennis has always been a favorite outdoor sport, and this year it seemed more popular than ever.

Every Wednesday afternoon, in a two-hour class, the fundamental strokes were taught and given for valuable practice. Miss Marion Denzer, an I. S. N. U. student, was in charge.

Towards the end of the year there was held an elimination tournament, in which a great many planned to take part.

Those that have already shown their interest in tennis are

Alice Beyer Margaret Sage Elaine Ingram Allene Bright
Evelyn Tarlton Eleanor Coen Henrietta Howard Renee Harper
Trunella Walker Dorothy Anderson Charlotte FitzHenry Marie Rash
Mildred Killian Mary Barger

## Archery

Archery is becoming more popular every year. This year it was very successful. Those that enjoyed the sport and came out often were Vivienne Vincent Trunella Walker Henrietta Howard Renee Harper Mary Louise Barger Eleanor Coen Mildred Landis Nellie Tinsley

Mary Louise Barger Eleanor Coen Mildred Landis
Grace Terwilliger Dorothy Anderson Marie Rash
Mariada Duesing Alice Beyer Evelyn Tarlton

Margaret Sage
Nellie Tinsley
Miriam Coen

Some of the essentials in archery are a keen eye and good aim, a steady hand, and love of the sport.

We shoot for flight or distance, accuracy and aim at the target and through a hoop.

This sport will be one of the main events at Play Day this spring.

## Baseball

Baseball was well attended throughout the season. It was held on Mondays and Thursdays. During the last four weeks a tournament was held between the two teams.

The following people came out regularly for baseball:

Helen Basting Marjorie Basting Grace Terwilliger Allene Bright Jessie Langhoff Marjory Mays	(dillic L dillo	Esther Ropp Elsa Graves Esther Graves Nellie Tinsley Annabelle Innis Emily Norton	Frances White Renee Harper Alice Beyer Eleanor Coen Mariada Duesing
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## Bowling

The bowling season was marked by pep and enthusiasm. All classes were well represented. The freshmen showed a deep interest in bowling and many of them developed into players of promise. The total number of girls out was 31.

The highest score of the season was made by Alice Beyer, a fresh-

man. The six high scores of the season were

5111 111811	
Alice Beyerscore	177
Emily Nortonscore	156
Maurine Blumscore	156
Jessie Langhoffscore	148
Lilith Southgatescore	138
Grace Terwilligerscore	130

The six high scores were taken each week during the season and

posted in the alley.

The last three weeks of the season a tournament between classes was held. Two games were played each week for the three weeks. The Junior and Sophomore classes were the only classes finishing. The average score of each class was taken. The Junior Class won, with an average of 131. The Sophomore Class average was 110. Emily Norton had the highest average for the three weeks from the Junior Class; her average was 132. Grace Terwilliger had the highest average in the Sophomore Class; her average for the three weeks was 124.

The varsity bowling team was composed of

Nellie Tinsley	Grace Terwilliger	Alice Beyer
Emily Norton	Mary Barger	Mariada Duesing
	Allene Bright	

Girls out for Bowling were

nces White Helen Basting ne Bright Marjorie Basting anor Coen Marie Rash anor Stover Ruth Farnham

# Boys Athletics

## Football

When Coach Tom Douglass issued the call to arms, only five letter-men returned to the moleskins that they had worn in battles the season before. Prospects looked all the more gloomy when Captain-elect "Pim" Goff and Mike Seale failed to return to school.

From the standpoint of games won and lost, the season might be deemed a failure. But taking into consideration that the team was made up principally of inexperienced men, and that the majority of the team will return next year, the season most certainly would be termed a success.

Letter-men this season are Captain Rader, White, Adams, Schenfeldt, Quinn, Fuller, Bosnjack, Callans, Weber, Noggle, Cawood, McConkey, and Horney, of whom Fuller, Bosnjack, Callans, McConkey, Weber, Quinn, Burns, and Horney will be back to form the backbone for a successful season next year.

Some of the reserves who did not play in enough quarters to get a letter for their services this year, but will be of great service in the next campaign are Melvin Jacquat, Truman Sage, Don Adams, Rod Koehler, "Rich" Koehler, Bob Feek, Paul Flanagan, and "Red" Darley.

A great deal of credit goes to Arthur Armbruster who handled the Reserve team during the season.

## The Season

U. HIGH, 6; EL PASO, 6.

After a short practice period U. High went onto McCormick field against the pride of El Paso.

Both teams showed inexperience, and the game ended in a deadlock.

U. HIGH, 6; PONTIAC, 6.

Again our boys went out on McCormick field and returned with the verdict going neither way. U. High pushed over a touchdown in the second period, displaying a strong passing attack featuring Adams and White. The Indians, however, came back in the third period to tie the count. Altho on several occasions U. High threatened the Indians' goal, the Pontiac boys braced and thwarted all our advances before any danger occurred.

U. HIGH, 18; NORMAL, 21.

Our old rivals from out Sudduth Road played host to the Green and Gold, and contrary to all rules of etiquette, took a heart-breaking game from our boys. It was a wild affair, with one team scoring, the other following suit. It was a case of who had the place kicker, as Les Murray placed three beautiful kicks between the uprights, while Herbie had tough luck on all of his attempts.

U. HIGH, 7; STREATOR, 32.

Playing the best game of the season, U. High succumbed to the highly touted Streator High team. The game was much better than the score might indicate, as U. High held the heavier team on even terms the greater part of the struggle.

U. HIGH, 0; LEROY, 33.

Not much can be said of this game, as U. High was almost hopelessly outclassed by the bigger, more experienced Leroy outfit.

U. HIGH, 6; BLOOMINGTON, 27.

Holding the Inter-City champions on even terms most of the first half, the Green and Gold cause weakened, and the Purple crushed on ruth-lessly to victory. The result might have been different if Schenfeldt and Horney had not been injured, and had Burns been eligible; but since games are not won by 'ifs'—we lost.

U. HIGH, 0; WESTVILLE, 45.

Our lads travelled to Westville to uphold the fine record that our last year's team had impressed upon the coal miners. The Orange-jersied lads were out to avenge the feat of last year, however, and as a result the Green and Gold did not fare so well.

U. HIGH, 2; TRINITY, 19.

In the closing of the season the Green and Gold fought bravely; but so did the Irish. U. High came within two inches of a touchdown when McConkey crashed thru the Irish forward wall; but they held, then Guttchow punted. As Guttchow was out of bounds on the play, U. High was awarded a safety.



# 19 **(**) > 3

#### LAURELL McCONKEY

"Swede" was a big brute, as all our opponents learned. Playing a good game in the line at the first of the season, he was shifted to the backfield, where he became a consistent ground gainer. The "Swede" has one more year of competition, and will fit in on both the line and backfield. It is all-around ability like this that makes any coach happy.

#### HERBERT ADAMS

"Herbie" was converted from a halfback to the quarterback berth, and from this position he directed the team in faultless style. He was a deadly tackler and one of the best passers in the twin cities. After Horney's injury, he carried the kicking responsibility in great style. His generalship was one of the bright lights of the season. The fact that "Herb" was picked as all-city quarterback was a tribute to his ability.

#### EUGENE CAWOOD

"Kayo" weighing a little over one hundred twenty pounds, played a wonderful game at fullback. Always pitted against a man twice his size, "Kayo" outwitted his opponent by brain work and speed. As he was a senior this year, we shall hear no more of his roaming.

#### JOHN WHITE

"Jazle" was one of the five veterans to return to the fold when the moleskins were dished out to all the aspirants last autumn. Breaking up the interference was Johnny's specialty, but he had no equal in receiving passes and getting down under punts. U. High will lose a wonderful athlete and a good sportsman when "Jazle" checks out this year.

#### WILLIAM QUINN

"Thox" was little but mighty, and all opponents who picked him as a soft spot because of his size were fooled. Bill will be back next year, and with his two years' experience at guard behind him, should strengthen one side of the line. "Thox" is another boy who follows that word 'fight'.



#### RICHARD WEBER

"Dickie" is another junior who fought bravely for U. High. Altho he did not play full time, he plugged up the holes in our line and was seen to stop many a charge that might have proved disastrous. "Dick" will be back next year, striving to keep up the good work as a regular.

#### FORREST NOGGLE

"Noggle" was a deadly tackler; and altho he did not play regularly, the time that he was in he showed he had the kind of courage that football players must have. This was Forrest's last year with the team, and his willingness and determination were a great asset to the squad.

#### KENNETH FULLER, Captain-elect

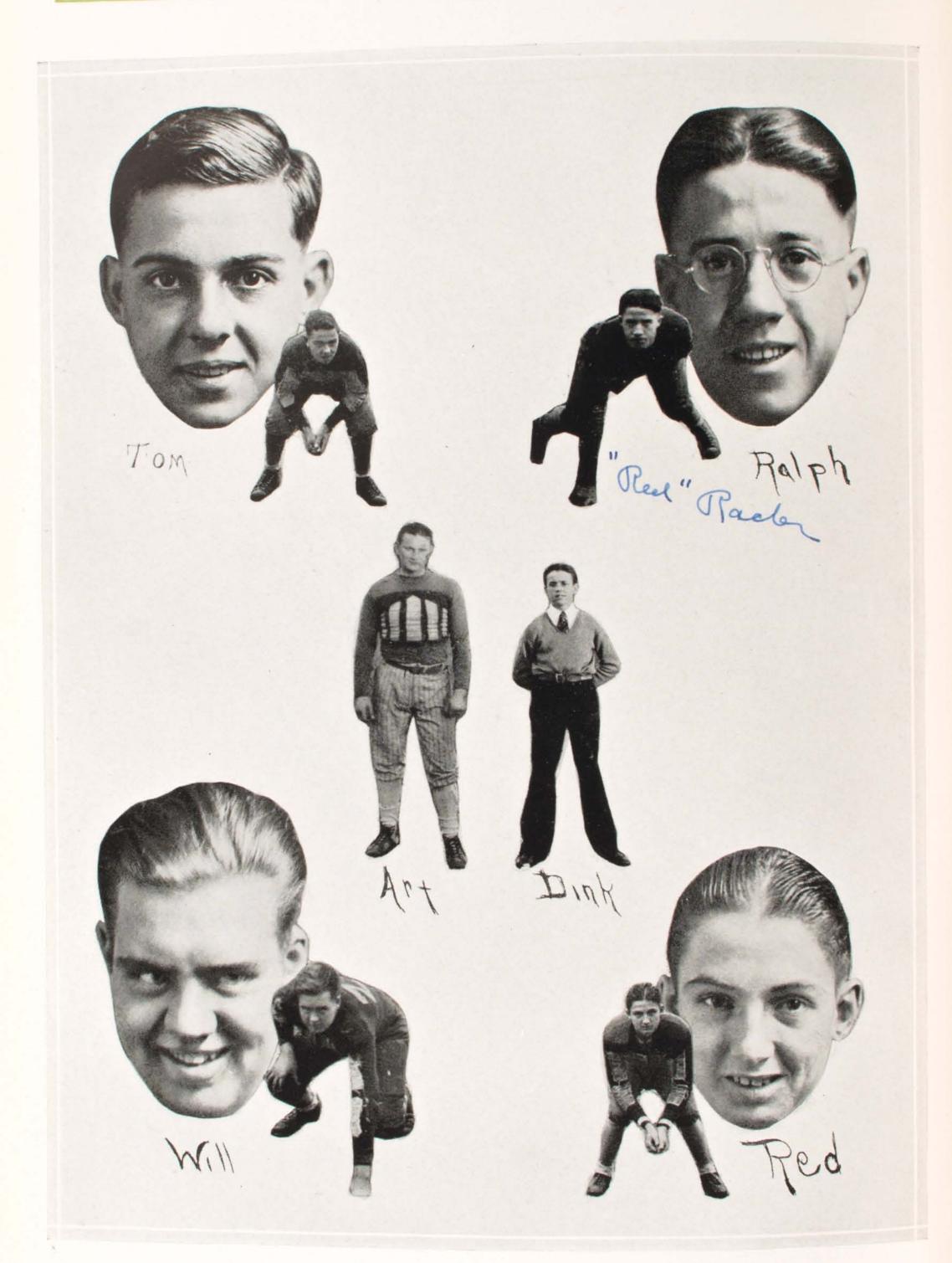
"Kenny" played a whale of a game at the pivot position. His accurate passes were an essential cog in the offensive machinery of Messrs. Douglass and Armbruster, and his ability to open up holes in the opponents' front wall made him doubly valuable. As a senior and captain next year "Kenny" should have a banner season.

#### NICK BOSNJACK

"Nickle" was the smallest man on the team, but he was one of the most aggressive members at that. Very few gains were made around his end of the line. Nick will be back with us next year, and his experience will take care of one of the wing positions.

#### FRED CALLANS

"Freddie" was the only freshman to win his "U" in football this year. He was as hard as nails and was especially noted for his neat tackling, always hitting the ball carrier hard and low. With three more years ahead of him Freddie is one of the most promising boys on the squad. We'll hear more from him.



Ninety-six

#### THOMAS HORNEY

"Tom" was an exceptionally good kicker; he averaged around fifty yards on all his kicks. "Tom" played a whale of a game at fullback until the Streator game, where he received a painful head injury. However, his fighting spirit was not downed, and he came back the next week against Bloomington and was showing real stuff until he injured his head again, and this time it resulted in concussion of the brain. The accident was costly to U. High, as "Tom" had two years ahead of him.

#### RALPH RADER, Captain

"Red" was a splendid leader and showed the old "U. High fight" at all times. A splendid tackle on both offense and defense, he will leave a big gap for skipper Douglass to fill next fall when it comes time to boot the pig skin around a bit.

#### ARTHUR ARMBRUSTER, Assistant Coach

"Art" was a great aid to Tommy, and his experience and knowledge was one reason the line looked so good.

#### REX DARLING, Manager

Rex was a good manager and a fine fellow.

#### WILLIAM SCHENFELDT

"Shinny" was hampered with a pair of bad knees all season; nevertheless, he played in great style. Bill closed his high school career in a blaze of glory in the Trinity game, when he played on sheer nerve the entire game with both knees out of place, necessitating straps, tape, casts, etc. The loss of "Shin" will surely be felt next year.

#### RALPH BURNS

"Sunshine" backed up the line in a wonderful fashion. Altho he did not receive his "U" because of scholastic difficulties, "Red" missed only four quarters the entire season; and his experience will aid immensely next year, as he is a great blocker.

## Basketball

1930-1931

During the 1930-31 season, Coach T. J. Douglass again put a strong team on the court. With only three lettermen back—namely, Captain "Herb" Adams, "Johnnie" White, and "Silent Bill" McKnight—a heavy task faced Coach Douglass, but long drills and hard work combined soon told, and the result was one of the best teams in Central Illinois.

U. High won the District Tournament, held at Memorial Gymnasium (Wesleyan), for the first time in five years, and then reached the semi-finals in the Springfield Sectional. U. High was a team that came through in the pinch and may be termed a truly great little team.

Starting the season with only ten days' practice, we journeyed to Morris, where we were drubbed 28-19. The following night we went to Cooksville, and by using three teams, we drubbed them 29-8. One week later we bumped Mazon 28-9. Behind at the half 6-7, Coach shifted "Johnnie" White to forward, and the change helped greatly. From this point on White remained at forward. Athens trimmed us the following week 30-11. The small floor was a distinct handicap. We again "took it on the chin" at Decatur, for the State-Champions beat us 18-8. We lost the next two games to inter-city teams, Trinity beating us 13-9 in a defensive, slowbreak game, and B. H. S. nosing us out 19-17 on our floor. We continued our losing ways at Gibson City, where we bowed to the Drummer Township lads 21-14, their long shots telling in the final minutes of the game. A week later Cooksville came to town, and it took three U. High teams to subdue them. The final count was 50-5. We next traveled to Mt. Pulaski, where the Logan County boys trounced us 13-9 in a slow-break game. We started winning again by giving Gibson City a severe lacing, 21-11. boys sporting the Green and Gold completely outclassed Drummer. U. High next defeated B. H. S. (Bloomington) 20-18 in an overtime, hectic struggle. But a week later Normal took us down the line to the tune of 21-14. U. High's passing attack was weak, and therein was the outcome. The Decatur team was our next opponent. We held them down to a 12-6 lead at the half and then fired away at the basket. The final score was 14-12 in favor of the Reds. (Decatur later won the State Championship.) We then trounced Mazon, Athens, Normal, and Mt. Pulaski by the respective scores of 35-15, 22-13, 33-22, and 25-18. We bowed before Trinity in a poor exhibition, 21-14, in the final game before the District Tournament.

19=31=

In the District Tourney we defeated Normal High 30-29 in a great battle, then bumped Lexington 26-18, and continued winning by defeating Downs 20-17. In the finals we defeated Bloomington. After trailing at the half 6-9 we "got hot" and trounced them sufficiently to lead at the final gun 21-12.

The following week we went to Springfield to participate in the Sectional Tournament. It was the first time in five years that U. High has entered the Sectional. We defeated Petersburg, a strong team, 28-18 after being even at the half. In the semi-finals we played Springfield. "Silent Bill" McKnight, our star center, was physically incapacitated because of an injury to his foot; nevertheless, we fought our hearts out. A last-minute rally gave Springfield the game, 29-20.

The season was officially closed at the annual banquet, held at the Y. W. C. A. At this gathering Truman Sage was elected Captain of next year's team.

The lettermen for the season were H. Adams, White, McKnight, D. Adams, Sage, Barton, Jacquat, and Blair. Of these Sage, D. Adams, Barton, Jacquat, and Blair will be back for another successful season. A great little team is disbanded and another season is finished.

19 31



 $Ninety\-eight$ 

## =19==3**(U**)==31=====

#### HERBERT "HERBIE" ADAMS—Captain

"Herbie" was the outstanding player on the Green and Gold club. His tight defensive play and sterling offensive ability were the big cogs in the U. High team play. Time after time "Herb" came through with baskets in the pinch to put the game on ice. Herb is a senior, and he will be sorely missed next season.

#### JOHN "JOHNNIE" WHITE

"Johnnie" was shifted from guard to forward early in the season, and he developed into the leading scorer of the team. He played a fine floor game, and on defense clung to his man like a leech. "Johnnie's" one-handed shots from the free-throw line were spectacular and deadly. "Johnnie" is a senior, another player who will be greatly missed next season.

#### TRUMAN "SATCHEL" SAGE—Captain-elect

"Satch" developed wonderfully during the season and won for himself a regular position at guard before the season ended. His tight defensive play and floor work were a revelation. "Satch's" specialty was long shots, and his percentage on them was indeed high. Satch is a junior.

#### WILLIAM "BILL" McKNIGHT

"Bill's" height was advantageous in controlling the tip-off during the season. He seldom failed in his rebounding efforts, and his accurate passing accounted for many of his team mates' baskets. "Bill" played his best game during the District Tournament. Bill is a senior; he, Adams, and White are the only basket-shooters who will be lost by graduation.



One Hundred

#### DONALD "DON" ADAMS

"Don" developed from the Frosh-Sophomore team to a full-fledged U. High regular. "Don's" specialty was long shots, exhibited noticeably in the Decatur game, when he kept U. High in the running by his spectacular long shots. "Don" is a sophomore, with a great prep career ahead of him.

#### WILBUR "DEACON" BARTON

"Deac" was a "hot shot". His deceptiveness was his strong point. Deacon played his best games early in the season, but he also played consistently throughout the entire season. "Deac" was rangy, and especially fine on short shots under the basket. He is a junior, so can greatly help the team next year.

#### JAMES "JIM" HOLLEY-Manager

"Jimmie" was the manager during the 1930-31 campaign. He was unanimously selected as the best manager U. High has had in the last few years. "Jimmie" not only served as manager, but was a comfort to many a down-hearted fellow-student connected with athletics. "Jim" may well be proud of his "U"—he deserves it.

#### ELLIS "CHICK" BLAIR

"Chick" was a fine shot. Every time "Chick" was substituted he proved his worth either by defensive ability or by his fine shooting. "Chick" is a junior, and he should be one of the best men on the team next year.

### GLEN "WART" JACQUAT

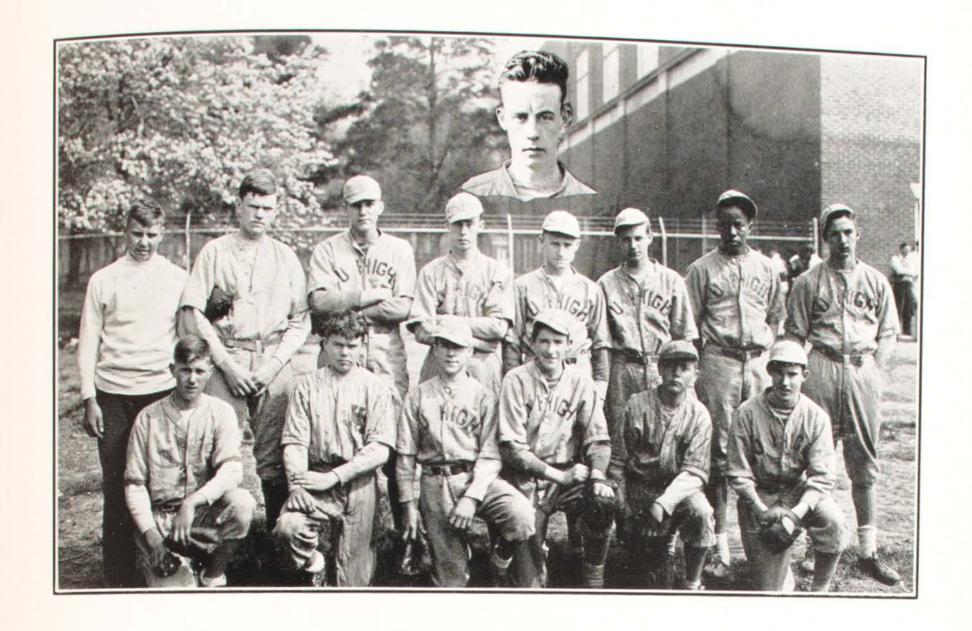
"Wart" was another player that improved during the season, and by the end of the season he was one of the leading candidates for a guard position. "Wart" played his best games in the Springfield Sectional by dropping in four baskets. He is a sophomore with a brilliant future.

## Basketball Statistics

≡19**===31**≡

U.	High	19;	Morris	
U.	High	29;	Cooksville	8
U.	High	28;	Mazon	9
	High		Athens	30
	High		Decatur	18
	High		Trinity	13
	High		Bloomington	19
	High		Gibson City	21
	High		Cooksville	5
	High		Mt. Pulaski	
U.	High	21;	Gibson City	11
U.	High	20;	Bloomington	18
	High		Normal	
U.	High	12;	Decatur	
U.	High	22;	Athens	13
U.	High	14;		
U.	High	35;	Mazon	
U.	High	33;	Normal	22
U.	High	25;	Mt. Pulaski	18
	DISTRIC	т тс	URNAMENT	
U.	High	30;	Normal	29
			Lexington	
			Downs	
	High		Bloomington	
	(Championship)			
	SECTION	AL T	OURNAMENT	
U.	High	28;	Petersburg	18
U.	High	20;	Springfield	29
	(Semi-finals)			
U.	High	539;	Opponents	438





## Baseball

Prospects are bright indeed for a winning baseball season. Coach Douglass has six lettermen available, namely, Captain White, Fuller, Burns, Glen Jacquat, Barton, and Adams.

The regular line-up is composed of Captain Johnny White, an agile, dependable catcher; "Ken" Fuller, a speedball pitcher; "Ellie" Blair, a neversay-die first baseman; "Wart" Jacquat, a flashy-fielding second baseman; "Deacon" Barton, a steady fielding short-stop; "Nick" Bosnjak, a hard-hitting third baseman; "Herb" Adams, a flashy fielder and dependable hitter, left field; "Red" Burns, a slugging center fielder; "A" Scott, right fielder; "Zo" Elliot, a pitcher with a world of "stuff" who will see plenty of service on the mound. Other candidates are Flanagan, Rod Kohler, Richard Kohler, Sage, Darley, Knuth, and Blum.

The season has started out with three straight victories for the Green and Gold, the boys having trounced Ben Funk 19-4, Heyworth 8-2, and won the first game of the inter-city race from Bloomington 9-5.

The rest of the season includes games with Streator, Champaign, Stanford, Bloomington, Normal, Trinity, Heyworth, and Ben Funk. A banner season is expected.



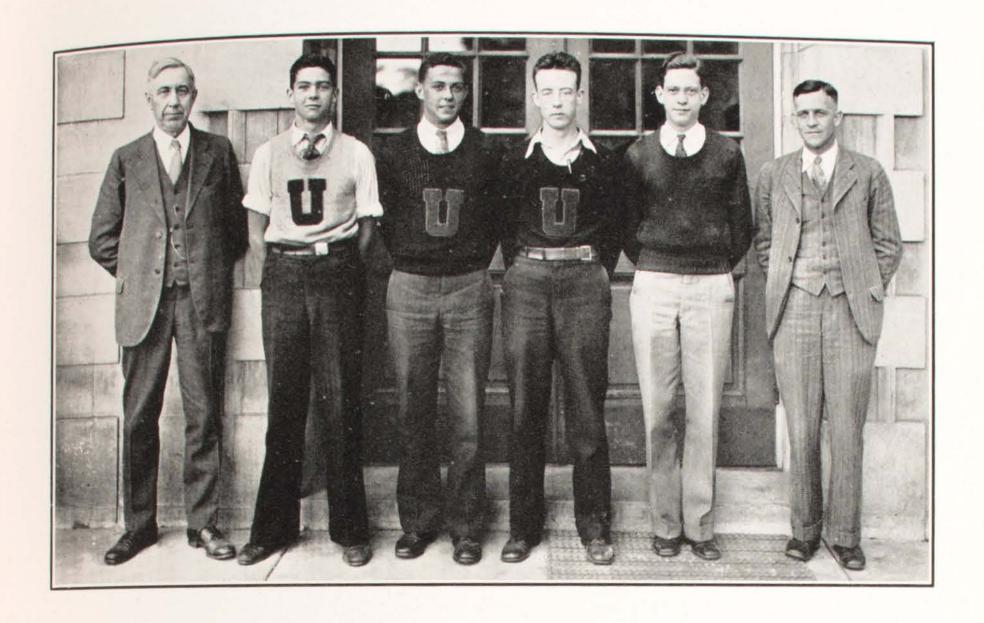
## Track

Only two lettermen are available for track this spring—Captain Adams and "Kenny" Fuller. This makes it a big task for Coaches Winston and Tom Douglass to make a record. Adams is a dash man, a middle distance man, and a javelin thrower. Fuller high jumps, throws the javelin, and hurls the discuss.

Other promising candidates are Duesing and King in the hurdles, Lyn McConkey and Roger Martin in the mile and half-mile, Laurel McConkey in the dashes, Nick Bosnjak and Art Spafford in the pole vault, and Nick Bosnjak in the broad jump. Candidates that may develop are Blair, Barton, Horney, Williamson, and Cole.

The schedule includes meets with Mackinaw, Forrest, Bloomington, Normal, Farmer City, Downs, and Leroy; the Atlanta Relays; the Gridley Relays; the County and District Meets.





## Athletic Board

The Athletic Board of U. High is elected during the first month of the fall term, and acts during the entire school year. It is composed of five pupils and two faculty representatives.

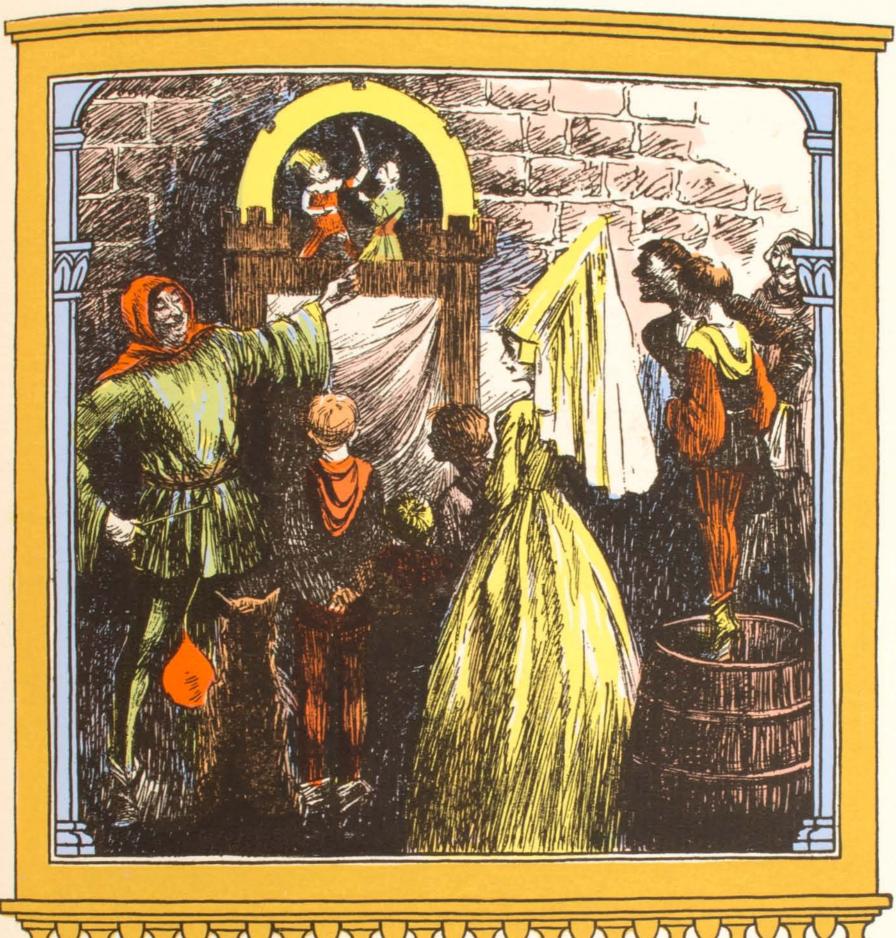
The Board handles all business matters concerning the athletic program of the school. It creates interest in athletics and brings before the school new ideas that will aid in building up a strong athletic program.

#### MEMBERS

Senior representative	Arthur Spafford (Treasurer)
	John White (Secretary)
Junior representative	William Quinn
Sophomore representative	Tom Horney
Freshmen representative	Fred Callans
Faculty representative	R. W. Pringle (Sponsor)
Faculty representative	T. J. Douglass (Chairman)



Coach T. J. Douglass



直急直急急急急急急急

Humor and Advertisements



#### LIST OF ADVERTISERS

19 **(** ) = 31

We, the Staff of the Nineteen Thirty-one Clarion, dedicate these pages to the business men of Bloomington and Normal who have helped make this book a success by means of their advertisements.

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Armstrong, R. R.

Biasi, Edw. C.

Beck Co., John A.

Bevan's Dairy

Bischoff, Al.

Bloomington Ice Cream Co.

Book Nook

Bradley's Coffee Dine

Broadway Garage

Bunnell Bros.

Burklund's

Burner, C. A.

B. & M. Bakery

Burner, Dr. Ethel Louise

Campbell Holton Co.

Coen Store

Cox, M. J.

Chadband's

Dewenter & Co.

Dock's Garage

Dooley, Clay

Douglas, J. C. & Son

Emmett-Scharf Electric Co.

English Kitchen

Fern's Beauty Shop

First Nat'l Bank, Normal

Fisher's Flowers

Gerhart Shoes

Glasgow Tailors

Goelzers'

Green Goblin

Green, Tracy

Gronemeier, W. H.

Hall, C. H.

Hawkins Studio

Hembreiker Flowers

Herff-Jones

Hildebrandt's Drugs

Hohenstein's Drug Store

Huffington, Glenn

Ill. Power & Light

Jackson, A. T.

Kirkpatrick

Keen's Barber Shop

Klein's

Lasky, W. E.

Lemme, H. H.

Livingston, A. & Sons

Lusher's Service Station

McCormick, Dr. Ferd. C.

McCormick, Dr. H. G.

McReynolds, B. R. McKnight & McKnight

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Moberly & Klenner

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Parret & Parret

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Reeder, Sam

Snow & Palmer

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BLOOMINGTON - - ILLINOIS

Margaret Sage: "Why do so many boys get killed in football?"

Adrian Scott: "Because they kick off."

Miss Stephens: "What brought you here, my poor man?"

Convict: "Well, lady, my mother told me to marry both beauty and brains, and I wanted to please her."

Miss S.: "But what does that have to do with your being in prison?"

Convict: "Well, you see I did both, and I'm here for bigamy."

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MAN AND BOY.

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Home of

KUPPENHEIMER

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Everything in Season

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Quality Food

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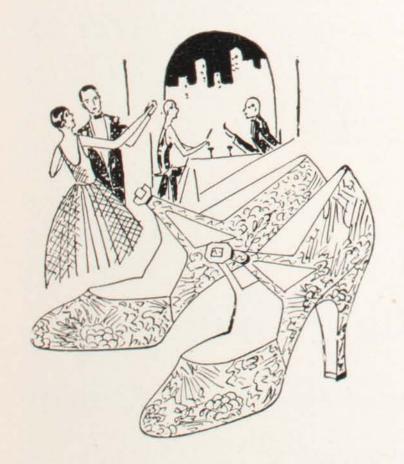
NORMAL, ILLINOIS

Dick Williams: "My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Dorothy Baltz: "It's a good thing they did; you know the immigration laws are stricter now."

## M. J. Cox Shoe Co.

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Today he has one of the best equipped printing offices in this section. This annual was printed by his staff of skilled mechanics.

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=19===31==31=

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A Mitzi: "A step-father."

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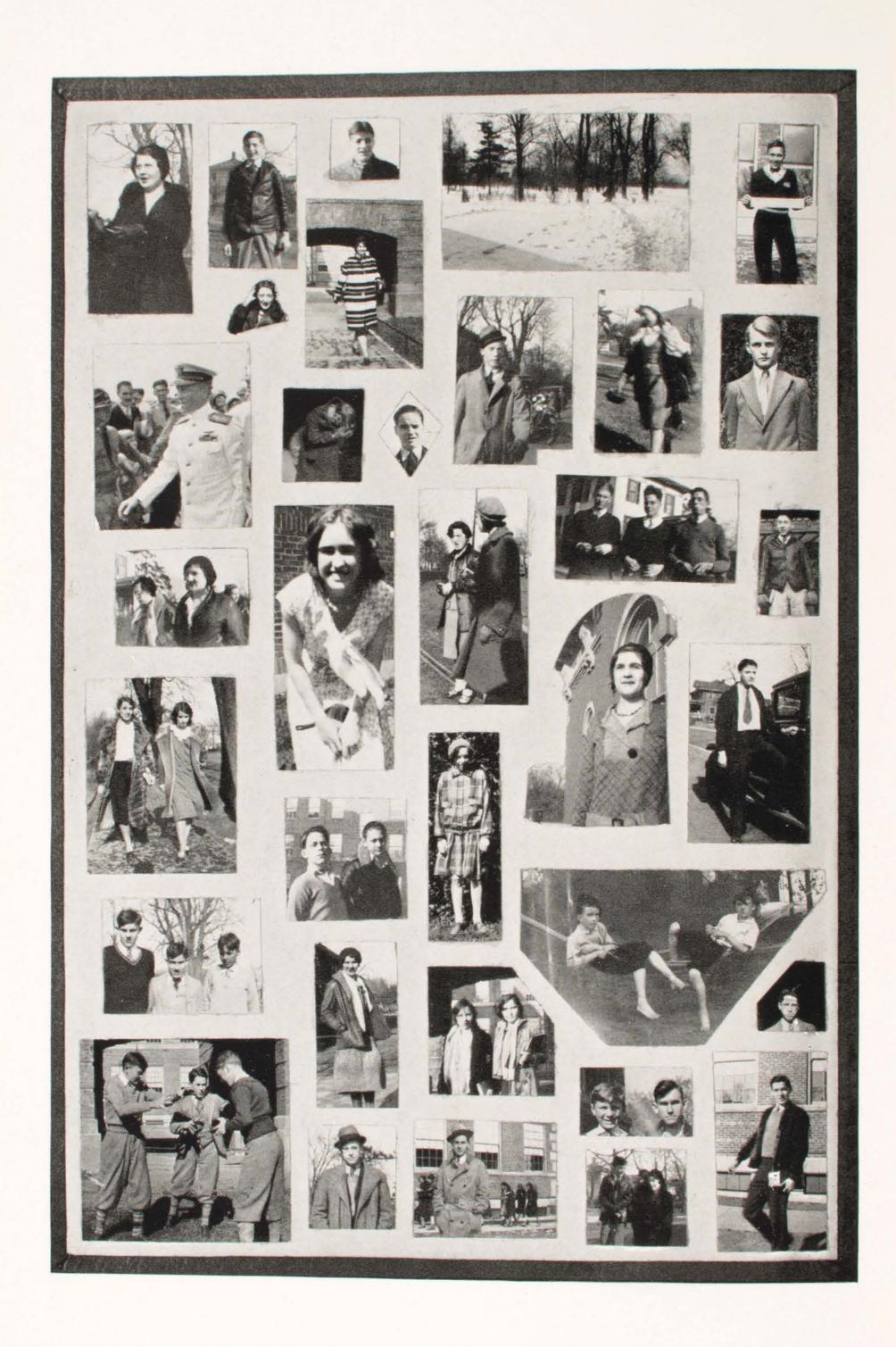
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Judge: "Guilty, or not guilty?"

Sunshine Burns: "What else have you?"

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AND

GREETING

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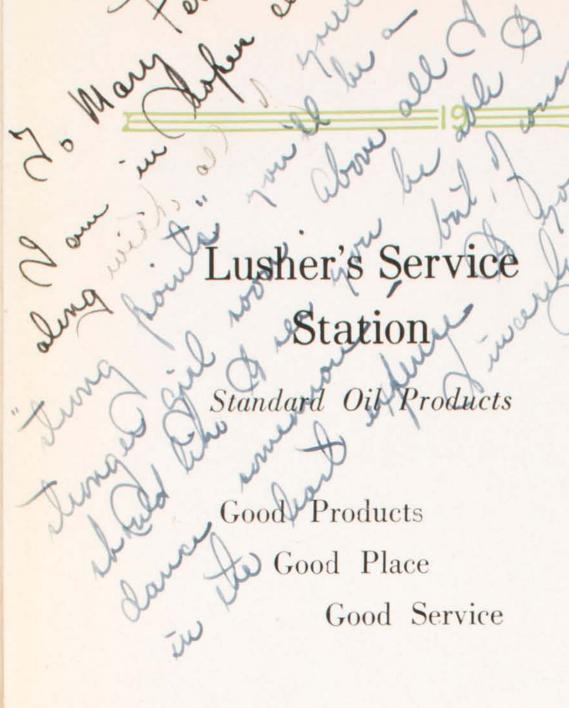
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Tailor: "Why, you'd make the vest and trousers first."

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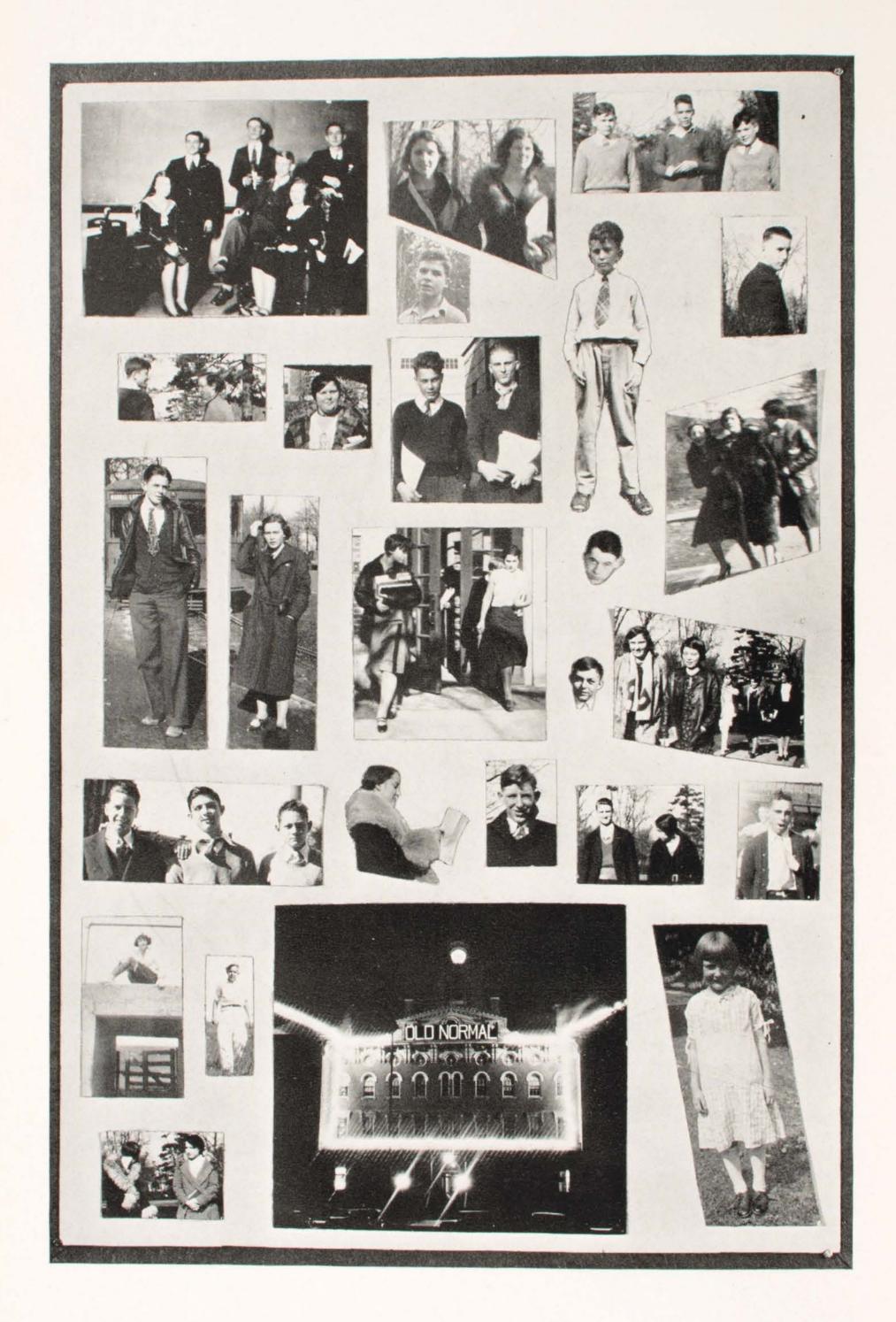
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John White: "You're not as dumb as you look."

Betty Galford: "Ahem, of course I'm not."

Johnnie: "You couldn't be."

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Super Service in Dry Cleaning and Pressing

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Sam: "Why, Barney, George Washington was de honestest man what evah lived."

Barney: "Den how comes dey close all de banks on his birthday?"



#### AUTHENTIC FASHIONS FOR SUMMER

Like a breeze from the hills on a summer morning, these earliest of summer apparel whisper the correct mode for the new season fast approaching.

The "New" always shown first at



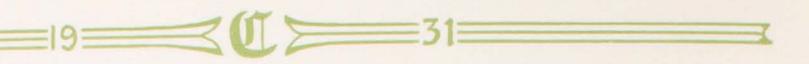


COMPLIMENTS OF

Clay Dooley

"THE TIRE MAN"





Eugene Cawood: "I think women are much better looking than men."

Helen Disher: "Naturally." Kayo: "No, artifically."

#### CHRONOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN

Safety \_\_\_\_\_ pin
Whip \_\_\_\_ pin
Hair \_\_\_\_ pin
Fraternity \_\_\_\_ pin
Clothes \_\_\_\_ pin
Rolling \_\_\_\_ pin

Dr. Reece: "What is the name of the teeth that we get last?"

Mary Ellen: "False teeth."

Little Robert Turner has crashed thru with the thought that the reason blondes seem always anxious to marry is because they are light-headed.

Frank Tick just won't be a soldier when he grows up because he heard that soldiers are crooked. Some one told him that during the war the sentries relieved each other of their watches.

Mary Elise: "Don't tell me that you don't know who Thomas Edison is."

Gerry: "No foolin'; I don't know half the kids in school."

Cooking teacher: "What is honeymoon salad?"

Frances White: "Just lettuce alone."

A boy (name not given, on request) in a freshman composition class was asked to write a poem or sentence using the words "analyze" and "anatomy". He wrote:

My Analyze over the ocean, My Analyze over the sea; Oh, who will go over the ocean And bring back my Anatomy?

In a freshman general science class a boy was asked to step to the platform and represent some one or something. The boy (Adrian Scott) mounted the platform.

"Well," said the teacher, after about a minute, "what are you representing?"
"I'm imitating a man going up on an elevator," was the quick response.

#### PEGGIE SPANGLER'S?

"Who steals my purse," I well recall
What Shakespeare said in the connection;
"But he who steals mine, steals my all—
My money, beauty, and complexion."

#### PAGE JAMES CUSTER

Little Jimmy—a funny
And eccentric little waif,
Swallowed all his sister's money—
Said that he was playing safe.

When to Johnsons'
Swede doth roam,
And he gets fresh,
It's "Home, Swede, Home!"

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109-111 West Market Street BLOOMINGTON - - ILLINOIS

## BEQUESTS FROM THE SENIORS

Bill Schenfeldt-his booming voice to Irma Niehus.

George Brown-his gentle manliness to Vere Wolf.

Miriam Bush-her social prominence to Esther Graves.

Helen Disher-her finger waves to Julia Bischoff.

Helen Bardenhagen-what's needed to "Dink" Darling.

Ada Jane Carter-her ability to razz T. M. B. Sr., to "Melv" Jacquat.

Maurine Darling-her hair to "Sunshine" Burns.

Julia Blum-Miss Stephens to Maurine Blum.

Clarence Burner-his voice to Woodrow Williamson.

Bernadine Flanagan-her grades to Helen Louise Lawrence.

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Mr. Schenfeldt: "When I was a boy I didn't tell lies."

"Bill": "How old were you when you started, Pop?"

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BEST FOOD

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Roger Martin: "Pop, what are those things on that cow's head?"

Mr. Martin: "Why, those are the cow's horns."

Cow: "Moo-o-o!"

Roger: "Pop, which horn did the cow blow?".

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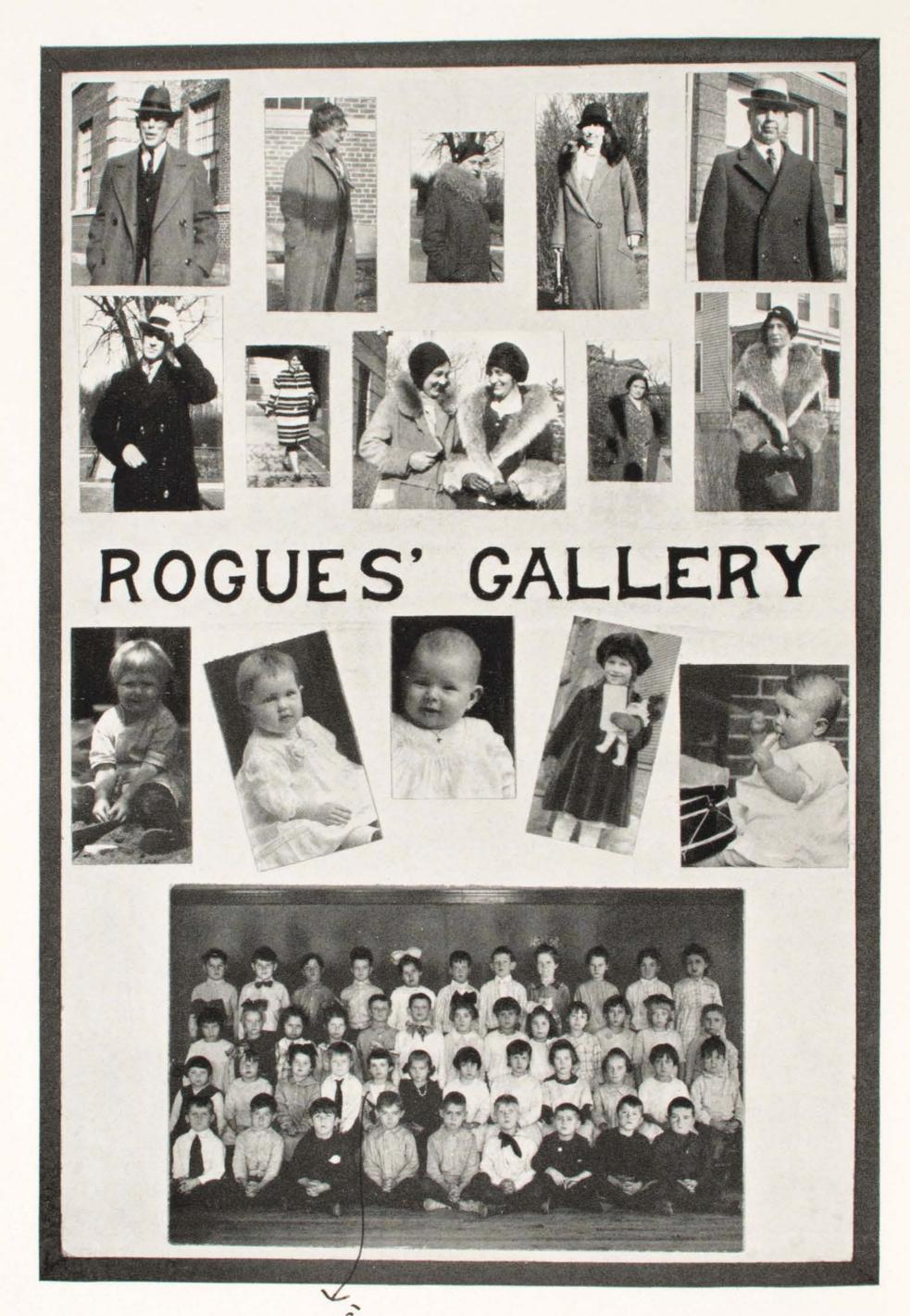
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One Hundred Twenty-six

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Frank Tick: "When I was only six years old I was left an orphan."

Marjorie Martin: "Oh! What did you do with it?"

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SOUTH SIDE SQUARE
BLOOMINGTON



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# Confections

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Humor Editor: "That's a pretty good joke if I do say so myself."

Bill McKnight: "Yes, I've always liked that one."

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One Hundred Thirty



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A GOOD BANK IN A GOOD TOWN

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GOOD FURNITURE
WILTON RUGS

HIGH QUALITY HOME FURNISHINGS AT PRICES MADE POSSIBLE BY OUR EXTREMELY LOW
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Sweet young thing on board ocean liner addressing a sweating stoker: "I just came down to tell you that my stateroom is much too warm."



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Miss Webb: "Why do they call Bob Rynell 'Flannel'?"

Vere: "Because he shrinks from washing."

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A Store For Young Men

WASHINGTON AT CENTER

One Hundred Thirty-three



#### OVERHEARD AT HASBROUCK'S BOOK NOOK

Miriam Bush: "I'll take a pound of floor wax."

Clerk: "I'm sorry, miss, but we only have sealing wax."

Miriam: "Don't be silly; who wants to wax a ceiling?"

#### MAYBE MOTHER'S RIGHT

Druggist: "What kind of soap do you want, son?"

"Jim" Custer: "Oh, some kind with perfume in it so Mom will know I washed my face and I won't have to do it over again."

Red Burns: "Do you suffer with rheumatism?"

Tom Armstrong: "Certainly; what else could I do with it?"

Johnny White: "Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

Bill McKnight: "Sure; send her a box of candy."

Father: "Well, Willie, I received a note from your teacher today."

Willie: "Is that so, Pop? Well, gimme a nickel and I'll not breathe a word of it to Mom."

Miss McAvoy: "Roger, what is groundhog?"

Roger Martin: "Sausage."

Passenger: "Have I time to say goodbye to my wife?"

Conductor: "I don't know. How long have you been married?"

#### THE IDEA

He: "What's wrong with your foot?"

Him: "Got a corn."

He: "Done anything for it?"

Him: "After the way it's been hurting me? I should say not!"

#### HEADWORK

The teacher of a physiology class was lecturing on the scalp.

"What is dandruff?" he asked.

"Chips off the old block," replied a student.

#### R. S. V. P.

Sailor (struggling in water): "Help! I can't swim! Drop me a line!"

Vivenne Vincent (from the deck): "Yes, and you write me some time, too."

#### 'NUFF

Howard Williams: "I've got a cold in the head."

Mr. Barger: "Well, that's something."



BRAEBURN
UNIVERSITY CLOTHES

WILSON BROS.
HABERDASHERY

KNOX HATS

"If It's New-We Have It."

Footweal

Of Quality for school as well as draws and formal och adsions. Musiery of the Anest grade and latest studie. It that to make lasting friends as well as satisfied customics.

Shoes of the Hour

Expert shoe fitters South

South side square

Moon: "What do you mean by making me stand around here like a fool? You're an hour late."

Streeper: "Well, can I help how you stand?"

## Bloomington Ice Cream Company

Manufacturers of

## Quality Ice Cream

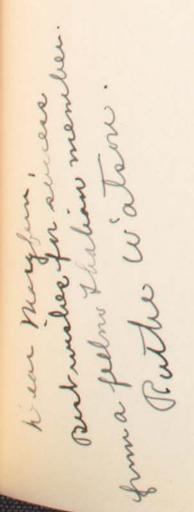
PUNCH AND FANCY ICE CREAM OF ALL KINDS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Phone 358

One Hundred Thirty-five



Dear maryfern. Please don't take to heart all the queer things that 2 have said. I don't mean only the good ones marytern-HINK HOW WE'LL youre a real girl because you are always stary something "Bill" McKnight's heel plates To help some Gert Byerly's strawberry hair enjoy dancingohn White sport waterips only 2 don't get to George Byownio sangelisch because Red must always the you Ralph Rader's ????? Charted for Helen Disher's drawing attraction when you chery hand Heten Bardentragente you deserve and that a whole but Melv: Thi, Newt, who are you working for now Eddig: "Oh, same bunch wife and the live kids." Rev. Mr. Cates: "My mission in life is to save then" J. Bischoff: "Oh, please save one for me, won't you! He: "Isn't this a stupid party?" She: "Yes." He: "Why not let me take you home?" She: "Sorry. I live here." Speaker: "What should I talk about?" Mr. Pringle: "About two minutes." Scotty: "Why don't you like girls?" Swede: "Because they are so biased." Scotty: "Biased?" Swede: "Yes, bias this and bias that." Grammar teacher: "What is the difference between 'I will hire a taxi' and 'I have hired a taxi'?" Jimmie Holley: "About seven dollars and a half." Gertie: "Who surrendered to Washington?" Bernadine: "Cornwallis." Bill McK.: "And Howe." Ned: "What time shall I come?" Annebelle: "Oh, come after supper." Ned: "That's what I'm coming after." Kenneth Fuller: "If you were walking down a dark road at night, how would you protect yourself?" Vere Wolff: "I'd sing, 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here'." Mr. Frink: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter." Bev. Schuler: "I wish you would. I'm making no headway? Mary Lou: "This car squeaks terribly." Swede: "Can't help it; it has pig iron in the axle." One Hundred Thirty

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303 East Washington Street, Bloomington, Illinois

Sixteen Years of Full Coverage Automobile Insurance Policies Guaranteed by Over Seven Million Dollars Assets

STRONG

PROGRESSIVE

PROMPT

Weber: "Only an angel could fly home from an airplane ride."

Custer: "Yeah, only an angel would want to."



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For Your Parties

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Young Peoples Footwear

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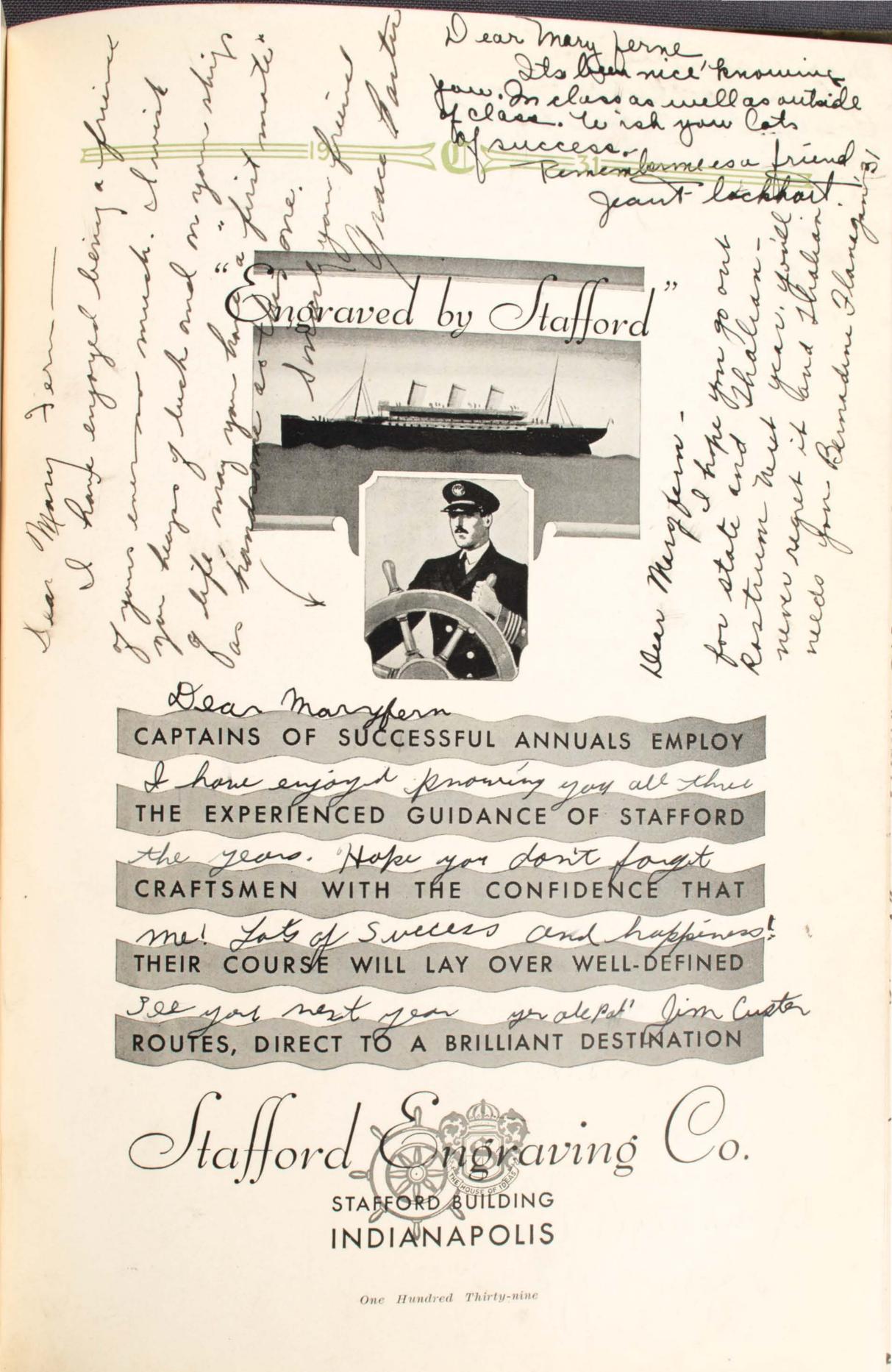
116 Center Street, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

DR. W. E. RAAB

Dentist

Normal, Illinois

Open May terri Boo rain him?" cried the hazer. And the victim's courage fled. Van't At is a freshman; hit him on the head." e wasn't born in London." "Beause I said he was, on my exam." w man natural magnets are there?" ill McKnight: "Two, sir, blondes and brunettes." dice: "What kind of time did you have while you were in Chicago?" Edythe: "Oh, daylight savings." Teacher: "I have went. That is wrong, isn't it?" Dink: "Yes, ma'm." Teacher: "Well, why is it wrong?" Dink: "Cause you ain't went yet." Salesman: "This book will do half of your work." J. White: "I'll take two of them." D. Baltz: "Why do you think our school used to be an old heese factory? T. Sage: "Just look at the molding on the walls." G. Brown: "I just thought of a good joke." H. Bardenhagen: "Aw, get your mind off yourself." The devil (to new arrival): "And how does the place look to you?" New arrival: "It looks like hell." Wart Jacquot: "Don't act like a baby." Tom Horney: "I can't help it; I was born one." Visitor (speaking of Don Adams): "He has his mother's eyes." Mrs. Adams: "And his father's mouth." "Herb" (disgustedly): "And his brother's trousers." Lady (in Parret's): "Have you any Life Buoy?" Ned: "Just set the pace, lady." "Clarence", inquired his father, "did you wash your face before your music teacher Clarence Burner: "Yep," Father: "And your hands?" C. B.: "Yep." Father: "And your ears?", Clarence: "Well, I washed the would be next to her Hundred Thirty-eight



Dear Maryfern -Dear Mary Yem -Kerremba lle Klastian I never knew you very Banquel & all your bells? weel until I god started ! priendship a whole lot Shape wext year you'll get to sit down during the whole evening - Hope I'll Remamber the dear old Gennet Let you lot ill the beginton things

Sucress of the rade was a sure of the sur class and what not. I'll elose by wishing you the heat Canna haufen.

To my mind many hagyey

Canna play! Demender the

frest time me ment to be

me still have a year left.

Sent ogness you have an

Be good mayben and ren

Be good mayben and ren Dear many Low 2 journe a real de gour see your see yo again, nevet gen Hour Dirling Dear mary bern 2 suppose all always? toose you but I hope It doesn't make you mad because its just mey noture. Here's easing west year

Mandal of John Schroder Schroer Schroder Schroder Schroder Schroder Schroder Schroder Schrode Chemistry class for the character we had a lot of from the contraction of the contraction Sincère happine didn't we. Your classmate mary Hern: One more year is Dear Many Ferre: gone. yours comes Beat of success in mext. It isn't so bad Physics - luck "Big" isn't a so good luck. Britt Blair good girl and beight - be a health aller gow don son One Hundred Forty-one

Autographs Decared Moryfe Here wishing Dan Brand School and Market Sc Soorly by the state of the stat & will always remember the tens you sent Donald adoma and soloun to your house to get some punch for have had mony good times together which will not be easily forgetter. and magny things have happened Jeres muching you much huck and successed in Johnson my year. Im. League. We took our profets out 3 it although you didn't knownt . We Borger Erwon't hit is don't get by by always your friend P.S. Oh yea. the Hallon hope you sit in front Theme again. Remember Islay. Quit something eh? your friendship. I'm lashing forward to Engeno Cawood Dear may year! I have certainly I can mangern, ŷ-two worned

mary terr John Jack Sond Rech of late to all Day Morre Jeroxof 2 miles new page duty of the page of went Runne and 2 ments Torry went to him with my de you Sirken & Market ment her well with the service of th And June buyind close would And have burn where the form maryferic:

est of Lander France A Survey of dear maryfern. you the best of success ment year. We all look forward to that forget this Let. class, Will you? Immon &

Dearest Mary Jern, I really meanit when I say I have enjoyed knowing and having you in my Classes. We have boad lots offen as well as lots of studying. If next year is not harder than this may be well how time fore a little fin next year. I hope you will have a mire vacation and he heady to come back next your Sear Mary Jens of the State of have you. I tate of luck to you in the future. Lato of Love Sylvia Greene Dear many som! In moissifue the fights ste. 5 have enjoyed tenous grow, Del " be received you again 50 mettys. gove garry of Remeder Egimon is some is my dear maryfern: may I predict a happy future to one who is so sunt and Bowley of the 132 of t year if we arm's ( It ) juille? Sear May fermer

The state of the search of Charleng Hellow mary; This is the off maestro speaking. Remember me 1 Ken, Les, Fuller, Glad to have had Deass. I hope you a Diff luck for the future. Mildred & Rothget.

Dear maryferen wear Manylean We've trad Dune wice well the pest and weeke and take pestlances well attack your took well hows lugicher - Here to the spits with a block its well even a spits more good times can be a good mother for a living le always get the RWPringle a fetter So here & bigger a fetter agences do. I'm rather laly Riciana Buck Dear Mary fern, weak brown starvation of secure youre a born Dem savery rooms for Junior servior songthet actress and some day of Solong This is sad of sony thatear you wants hard youll be sura movie P. S. I stand for States Paper Wary erry Salongest year, star. Some ambition 1/ Lots of Luck Renée Dear Maryfern: -While Dwait Illalwaysrememberone little girl in my the into good a sweet smile Good wish begin suit by such and Sibish begin suit of such succession better begin suit all the passion of the succession of the modern Kistory class with brown hair and better begin series I span all the possible success and happing, better bus of success and happing, I shall always remediately sharp thereof of sharp and shall always remediately sharp there is a shall always remediately span as the Chemist of 1931. I hope that you shall consider me Somewhere along in the world of chemistry. Best wishes for the future ather Spotsoil

Dear Mary Fern Dear mary term, Dear may tern -Ill remember you I've enjoyed knowing wish your the as belong in my civis you and also having best syccess, luch class Its The only class Vocen in your french and tracker Due liked and hoppines the term. I don't about Close and Kestony Class a little feen once in a with you people" your friend Willie Tursky while. Herps place and sure of the sure of net/year. White. Heapoy luck and Lasses Jun Classmat Gello Homba and growing the Dear maryfern Remember the civico V Class & all file four also-the composition to have been myour clases also remember Dea Remonder My in Shirt Dear Manyfern. I hope I'm in some of your chasses nept year, wont it be bevand to be Mighty Senions ? well good Luch, Itanley Sprigg See you with the most of the little of the l Rudd Flerring Dear had a read minder. Told Soft with which the state of the state See See Marie Stilling

Dear mary flew. Thello Mary 7 and Jan Maria al Human de Manage des I have disjoyed knowing you and Thipe to ste Type next year. Is you Think we will get through Physics? a friend. Vey Jangles wek. Diownangen talker! Dear marifem, only one hope we are left and Danskellunge for more

Share had has se for more

Share had has se for more in more classes together. Have Eleanor Stover lots of grad times. see well of the received done Longer L. Barger More and the state of the state Dear Mary.

So Mary is allright
Well mary. I must
quite. Well so longhas

Truller

Dear Many.

The Many.

The

